Heritage and Destiny

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British Nationalism's Lost Leader?

Joe Pearce's *Race With the Devil* reviewed by Gil Caldwell

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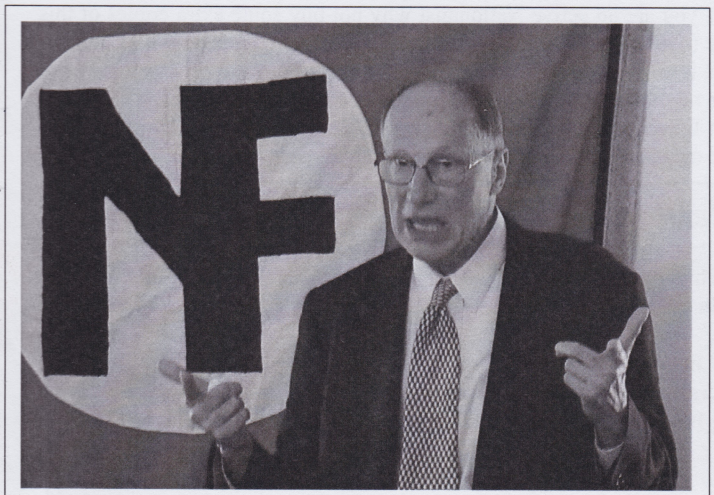

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Editorial

Welcome to issue 62 of *Heritage and Destiny*. The majority of my last editorial (in issue 61) was taken up with the 70th anniversary of the D-Day landings. So it is only fitting that this editorial at least mentions the 100th anniversary of the start of the First World War, also called by some at the time "The Great War" or the "War to end all Wars", which we entered when Britain declared war on Germany on 4 August 1914.

Better men than I can write about the rights or wrongs of WWI, and on whether we (Britain) should have declared war on our Saxon kin (Germany), just because they had "invaded Belgium". So instead I shall write about the appalling loss of White lives in yet another "Brothers' War".

WWI was yet another racial catastrophe for the White race, following so soon after we (the British) had been wiping out the Boers in South Africa (1899-1902) and our American cousins had been slaughtering each other in their "Civil War" (1861-1865).

To give some examples of how many the Grim Reaper took from us and our Empire; Great Britain & Ireland – 1,012,075; Canada – 66,990; Australia – 62,081; New Zealand – 18,166; South Africa – 9,516.

Many of our "Allies" fared just as badly, or even worse. Russia – 3,394,369; France – 1,737,800; Italy – 1,243,400; Belgium – 144,337. Even our American cousins who did not enter the war until April 1917 lost 117,465.

And our opponents fared no better. Germany – 2,800,720; Austria-Hungary – 2,081,200; Bulgaria – 187,500.

Historians claim the total number of military and civilian casualties in World War I was over 37 million. There were over 16 million deaths and 20 million wounded, ranking it among the deadliest conflicts in human history. The total number of deaths includes about 10 million military personnel and about 7 million civilians. "Our" side the Entente Powers (also known as the Allies) lost about 6 million military personnel while the Central Powers lost about 4 million. At least 2 million died from diseases and 6 million went missing, presumed dead.

Men from LOL 862 - 36th (Ulster) Division who survived the Somme, still wear their Orange Sashes with pride. But what would they make of multi-racial Belfast now?

H&D readers, who know something about WWI, will probably think of the Battle of the Somme first. And when one thinks of the Somme, one thinks of the famous 36th (Ulster) Division. The 36th were part of over 200,000 Irishmen who fought in the war, in several theatres. Over 30,000 died serving in the British Army and a further 19,000 serving in overseas armies other than Britain's. An incredible percentage, around 25%, died.

The Battle of the Somme commenced early on 1 July and the day ended with a total of 60,000 allied casualties of whom 20,000 were killed in action. The 36th (Ulster) Division was in the thick of the action and suffered an incredible 5,500 casualties of whom 2,000 were killed. The 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers fought next to the 36th and endured 147 casualties – 22 killed and 64 missing in action. The 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers lost 14 of their 23 officers, 311 out of a total of 480 in other ranks. Sadly the Battle of the Somme continued until the following November (1917) when it was ended as a consequence of inclement weather.

The 36th were mainly a Protestant and Unionist Division, whose emblem was the Red Hand. They were a division of Lord Kitchener's New Army formed in September 1914. Originally called the Ulster Division, it was made up of members of the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF) and its youth wing the Young Citizen Volunteers (YCV) who formed thirteen additional battalions for three existing regiments: the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Royal Irish Rifles and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

What would the men of the 36th make of Britain and Ireland today? With many parts of the country they fought and died for racially unrecognizable and Sinn Fein on the brink of power in Ulster? The phrase "turning in their graves springs to mind."

WWI, unlike WWII, was not a war about ideologies. The catastrophic struggle started for reasons which looking back now are almost meaningless to us. The only clear result of WWI was to ensure that a Second World War would be fought because of the impossible terms of the Versailles Treaty imposed on Germany. Will the White man ever learn?

If you are an active Nationalist why not buy some extra copies of this issue to give out (or sell them!) at your next branch meeting – it's another great issue and should 'sell like hot cakes'! And as always we also need your regular donations – however large or small, every Dollar, Pound or even Euro counts. Please try and send in whatever you can afford. Thanks once again for your support, together we will win.

Heritage and Destiny

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Ducking The Issue

What are we to make of the minds of MPs? Despite different party names they are all much the same. What makes them give scant attention to certain important matters and to others none? Do they think about their own conformity? Do they have misgivings but know which side their bread is buttered? Will a psychological study of MPs ever be made?

Consider the economy. Although spending and cutbacks have their pros and antis, who mentions the crux of the matter – the huge and increasing national debt? A country that can't pay its way? Or even how the debt came about? To whom it is owed and what happens as it keeps swelling?

MPs act as though it is not there. Who talks about the balance of trade anymore? To a sane mind those running the debt system should not be running anything. Just imagine if a radically different party to the cosmopolitans should gain power – why should it be saddled with this burden?

Then there is 'growth'. Stripped of its gloss what it means is more concrete and pressure everywhere. In an overcrowded country with an obviously finite land area, which MP talks of ending growth and reducing the population to, say, 50 millions? Despite living longer the Briton is declining numerically. It is immigration, subsequent offspring and the increase in the Third World already here that is fuelling population growth.

With everything else needed to service a burgeoning population, 'growth' is ravaging the land. 'More homes' is the cry from Westminster. Does any MP oppose this? The young ambitious Tory planning minister reckons 2 million acres more needs to be built on. There are only 60 million acres in the U.K. Where is the concern for the natural land? Certainly not in SW1.

Coupled to this is London, a magnet for the world. Eight million people, rising to nine, then ten. Yet who suggests stopping it? What good is a mega-city that unbalances the U.K., crowds the South-East and generates its own problems? You hear it called a great city and the best in the world, so why is there "white flight"? No MP will speak of the alienation Britons feel when visiting the capital.

Neither will Westminsterites pay attention to the Third World's rocketing populations. What we get is foreign aid, 'saving lives' but not stopping births. Third World reproduction in the West is a time bomb given the silent treatment.

You won't hear any MP say foreign aid should also be of benefit to the givers and that it should be used to get Third World countries to take back their populations here.

Neither will they mention Europeans, wherever they live, being a shrinking proportion of the world's population. Nor of Britons leaving because their land has become a foreign country.

Another neglected subject is the looming electricity shortage, with or without EU diktats on CO^2 emissions. A rising population will overburden supplies but a shrinking one will do the opposite.

The Euro-obsessed CO^2 targets are outflanked by countries that take no notice. And is it not a deceitful way of restricting emissions here by transferring our industries to the Far East? Whatever CO^2 gas is doing to the planet it will not be reduced while populations increase and rise to our standard of living. Seven billion people are far too many for the Earth, and it is rising by about 200,000 each day. Interestingly, people breathe out CO^2. The population effect on vegetation, soil, seas and wildlife is devastating and so long as the 'feed the world' mentality coupled with the taboo on different breeding rates persist the future will be dire.

As Europe's natives decline so does EU potential leadership, hence it wanting more Third World immigrants. Never to raise its head is Europe for the Europeans and an increase in the birth rate of its natives. Neither Britain nor the EU is concerned for the parts that are vastly overcrowded or depopulating.

Then there is asylum. Even among liberal types the idea used to be that when conditions improve in their home countries then they return. But they don't. An 'asylum seeker' who travels a thousand miles and crosses half a dozen borders is an economic, illegal immigrant. No 'asylum seeker' gives a thought to our racial wellbeing either. Parliament says nothing.

You can sometimes hear mutterings about ethical trading and trade sanctions, but why leave out population pressure? Top of the list should be India with its teeming, fast growing billion-and-a-quarter inhabitants soon to overtake China. Together with Bangladesh this hot-house duo already has. Democratic ethics do not include this threat to the planet. Although China has the one-child policy, its population still rises and will do so until the death rate is higher than the birth rate, but at least it is an attempt to get to grips with overpopulation, something no democracy would. Who is the villain: authoritarian China or democratic India? Ethics are speechless. It is sad to see nature destroyed through human pressure but Western liberal thinking will ensure it continues.

Politicians and conservationists have reacted to prevent *Oxyura jamaicensis* (*above*) an immigrant variety of ruddy duck from the USA, from cross-breeding with the European variety *Oxyura leucocephala*, thus destroying the ethnic integrity of our duck population. They show no such concern about the transformation of Europe's human stock due to immigration, miscegenation and differential birth rates.

From masses to minorities. Politicians like minorities of whom they approve. Those they don't are called "unrepresentative minorities." Yet for them the uncomfortable fact is that all political parties are minorities. The biggest turnouts are for general elections: 65% last time in 2010 with the Conservatives the largest party polling 36% of the vote. That's one-quarter of the electorate. In this May's European elections UKIP beat the Lib-Lab-Con but only with one in ten of the electorate. Most did not vote. The political class would rather keep quiet on this.

Another area where there is a cemetery-like quietness is the continuing sell-off of Britain with infrastructure, land and homes passing into foreign ownership. This is sometimes called "investing" in Britain. Even Blencathra in the Lake District is up for sale, foreign buyer welcome.

No doubt readers can add to the list ignored by the U.K.'s 650 MPs. And so to the big one: it is futile writing to any MP about our identity but just to prove the point....

My local Conservative MP, always posing with the Union flag, sent out a leaflet asking constituents about any matter we would like looked into. Just before this a newspaper article appeared on the multi-million pound action to kill off the ruddy duck. The American version (*Oxyura jamaicensis*) was brought to Britain but is flying to Spain to cross-breed with the European white-headed variety (*Oxyura leucocephala*), therefore threatening its survival. The Department for the Environment, Food and Rural Affairs (Defra), under complaints from Madrid, ordered the ruddy duck's killing – a £2,500 bounty on each bird.

As Defra is a government ministry I wrote to the local MP asking him why, as varieties of humans have been (and are being) extinguished through cross-breeding, this is not spoken of in Parliament – and is he willing to raise the matter? Why ducks and not humans? Neither a reply nor acknowledgment was received.

Then I wrote to the latest entrant to Parliament, the Green Party MP for Brighton Pavilion, asking what her and her party's opinion was on the duck and the cross-breeding of humans from different continents. After all, are not Greens the great conservationists? Neither a reply nor acknowledgment was received.

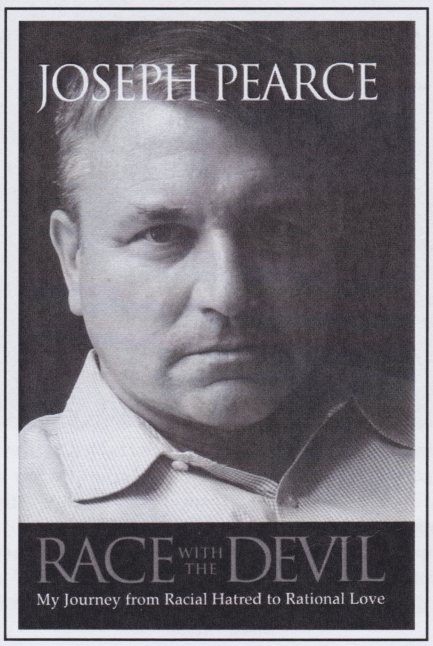
As the saying goes, they are all the same.

Alan Paulin, Romford, Essex

Book Review: *Race with the Devil – From Racial Hatred to Rational Love* by Dr. Joseph Pearce

Race With the Devil: My Journey from Racial Hatred to Rational Love by Joseph Pearce; Published by Saint Benedict Press, 2013, ISBN 978-1-61890-065-4, 248 pages (Hardcover) Available at $22.95 from Saint Benedict Press, P.O. Box 410487 Charlotte, NC 28241, USA or online at – www.saintbenedictpress.com

Well, here it is, at long last, Joe Pearce's apologia. This is a book which veteran racialists have long anticipated. Many are those who recall well the heady days of the 1980s when Pearce, a nationalists' child prodigy if there ever was one, wielded charismatic influence far beyond his years. After limiting himself to articles and lectures over the years on his political metamorphosis, we now finally have the whole story from Pearce's perspective. Here is the how and why of Joe's becoming (in the words of the cover blurb) "a leader of the National Front, a British nationalist, white supremacist group" and "disseminat(ing) literature extolling the virtues of the white race and calling for the banishment of all non-Whites from Britain." Ensuing doubts about his political creed eventually yielded his (again, as the blurb describes it) "journey from racist revolutionary to loving Christian." But Pearce did not simply think his youthful views were errant. They were a grave moral evil. His existence in those years was spent in a "hate-filled youth, plumbing the depths of anger and plummeting into the abyss of bigotry."



This is a pilgrimage work. The author has been in "darkness" and has now seen "the light." It is understandable then that the presentation of Pearce's former views may not be as lengthy, cogent or compelling as those of his later, conservative Catholicism. Our task will be to read between the lines to grasp what the boy, born in Ilford, nurtured in Haverhill and, at age 12, arrived in Barking, once felt and how that has changed today. We will have to search long and hard as the old evil views are always presented as if axiomatically bad. For those of us who still see many of the Old Joe's views as both moral and logically compelling this will require that we ask, repeatedly, and specifically, how would the New Joe answer the arguments that made his previous incarnation a persuasive advocate for the British peoples.

Pearce begins his story in childhood where, as he puts it, his "parents saw Christianity as being good and benign, even if it shouldn't be taken too seriously." As to the identity of this Christianity it was "nominally Anglican, or 'C of E' as we labeled ourselves when asked." But despite this benign view of Christianity, Pearce assures us that "we never darkened the door of a church unless someone was getting married."

Unlike the tepid religiosity of his youth, a sense of British patriotism yet lingered in the Pearce home. His father, Arthur Albert Pearce, was given, in his son's words, to "bombastic bravura" such as noting that there were only three types of people in the world, "Englishmen, those who would like to be Englishmen and those who don't know any better." But there was a sense of danger in the air. This England, once so proud and confident was threatened. Pearce describes his father's concerns. "In the aftermath of the 1948 British Nationality Act the very people of Britain began to be replaced by non-White immigrants. The effects of multi-racialism were disastrous, threatening the very future of British nationhood and British national identity." Immediately, when thus portraying his father's views, the New Joe adds, "This was a view I would come to embrace also."

In our protagonist's youth the trendy demands for "progressive" education began to take over many British schools, as Pearce laments, "no effort was made to impose discipline, which resulted in the triumph of anarchy in the classroom and the survival of the fittest in the playground." But the adoption of trendy educational methods and their failure to control the classroom was only part of the disaster that enveloped British youth in the 1970s. Pearce details the general negative spirit which his teachers brought to British history, with overt and covert pro-Marxism imbuing the new generation with much negativity toward their own people and culture. This was, in Pearce's view, "the intention of those who constructed and designed the syllabus."

Lest the reader think that the New Joe still believes in this one dimensional perspective, we are immediately informed that, "On the other hand, of course, it never dawned on me that the education I had received from my father was equally biased in a jingoistic and imperialistic direction."

It is in chapters 5 and 6 that Pearce discusses his conversion to the NF. Surprisingly, though, the reader searches in vain for any presentation of the problems created by the racial transformation of England which sent the author in the Front's direction. Except for noting his father's concern over this, we are given no indication of what this invasion meant to the many English cities whose racial identity was transformed, to schools which became unsafe for white children and for the sense of culture, pride, identity and behavior of the Anglo-Saxon people.

Rather, what the next few chapters serve up are a series of stories about the riots and fights that NF membership brought to Pearce. In the midst of relating these events, which are presented in great detail, Pearce assures us that he always followed Marquis of Queensberry Rules when fighting. "I carried this gentlemanly philosophy with me during my street brawling years though I soon discovered how impractical it was in the presence of violent mobs." And violent mobs there were a plenty, as Joe relates the tales of Red Lion Square, Turnpike Lane and the legendary Battle of Lewisham.

Throughout these examples of masculine bravado Pearce assures us that not only did he fight fair, but he was never an aggressor. Conflating street violence of young gangs with legitimate racial concern, he declares, "The gang violence was dirty work that needed doing for the cause of race and nation. There was no making of an omelet without the cracking of eggs, and no making of a racially pure Britain without the cracking of skulls."

However, despite Pearce's assertion that others and, by implication, the NF as a whole desired to engage in violence we are also given this quite revealing admission. "There had been a record of violence at National Front activities, though it must be said that the trouble was instigated by Marxist counter-demonstrators who sought to prevent the NF from holding its marches." We are further told that as the leftist violence continued many of the middle-aged and elderly people, including many veterans from the Second World War stayed away, "no doubt fearing the likely violence and feeling their fighting days were over."

It is interesting to note that Pearce begins Chapter Six, "White Riot," with a quote from The Clash's 1977 hit of the same name. Thus the rendering of NF street troubles is introduced with the lyrics, "White riot - I wanna riot. White riot - I wanna a riot of my own." It is hard to grasp the point of this quote. The Clash, particularly Joe Strummer, were doctrinaire leftists, often sporting t-shirts advocating the likes of Germany's Red Brigades. Their call for a "White riot" was, by their own explanation, a desire that white youth should join far-leftist street violence and had nothing at all to do with the NF.

At age sixteen Pearce launched *Bulldog*, a tabloid which targeted the young members of the NF. Its editorial policies would be unthinkable today, but in the somewhat freer climate of the seventies it was not yet clear when and how the state would silence debate on matters racial. Not that *Bulldog* was given to carefully presented and prolonged arguments. It saw multi-racial society as a disaster and published statistics of non-white crime (already forbidden in the mainstream press), singled out teachers and

professors of Marxist bent and praised football supporters who sang or chanted race-based words.

The stratagem, as Pearce tells it today, was to force the government to choose to either prosecute him and give the movement a martyr or leave *Bulldog* alone, thus rendering the Race Relations Act effectively impotent. The New Joe's description of the Act's prohibition of freedom of debate is fascinating. "This act, hated by racists as an infringement of their civil liberties, made it illegal to publish material likely to incite racial hatred." Note that the act was "hated by racists" due to an "infringement of their civil liberties." But, we feel compelled to ask, shouldn't the act have been resented by any defender of freedom of speech and opinion, not just the "racists?"

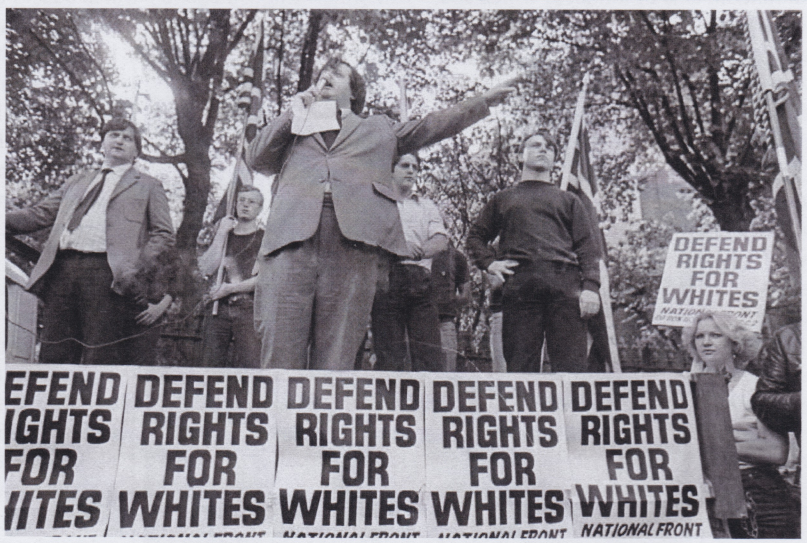
A few lines later Pearce grants that "the government knew that the Race Relations Act was unpopular." He refers to the case of Robert Relf, who was prosecuted under the act for refusing to take down a sign that said his house was "for sale to an English family only." As we will find throughout the book the New Joe refuses to tell us what he might think today of an Englishmen's right to preserve his neighborhood by selling only to those of his own people.

This is especially poignant when the story of Pearce's presence in the Brixton West Indian riots of 1981 is related. Here Pearce accurately describes the "two days of anarchy" which yielded injury to "nearly three hundred policemen" and "fifty rioters." "More than a hundred vehicles were set on fire, half of them police vehicles. Almost one hundred and fifty buildings were damaged in an orgy of looting, thirty of which were burned to the ground." One would expect, at this point, some comment from the New Joe about the wisdom of massive Third World immigration. None are forthcoming. Instead, we are treated to a cute story about Pearce being caught behind the lines of the rioters and afraid that he'd be arrested along with them.

We find the same strange approach in a chapter devoted to genetic studies on racial differences. Here the New Joe notes the works of Richard Dawkins, Hans Eysneck and Arthur Jenson where one might find "irrefutable evidence of genetically determined differences in inherent intelligence between the races." These views on genetics accepted by all when it comes to physical differences between peoples must, it seems from the New Joe's viewpoint, evidently not relevant to the human brain. But why, we ask again, why will Pearce not engage in the debate? The book is a constant attempt to present the Old Joe's views as obviously evil.

We find the same ambivalence in Pearce's treatment of his old allies. Touching and obviously heartfelt chapters are devoted to the Old Joe's close friendship with Nick Griffin, Ian Stuart and, to a lesser degree Loyalist activists, who were eventually killed for their beliefs, John McMichael and George Seawright.

The New Joe freely grants that he once worked closely with Griffin to enable a "group of young radicals" to take the NF on "new ideological paths." Years later, after a painful experience where Griffin sided against many of Pearce's friends while the latter was away in prison, a squabble of such marginal ideological difference as to be almost unintelligible twenty-five years later, the two men met again. This was in Pearce's description, "in 1990, a year or so after my reception into the Catholic Church and three years after I had dropped out of politics." It was there that two former allies "had (their) last conversation. We were looking for common ground but an abyss now separated us. I tried to explain that action needed to be rooted in philosophical and theological first principles whereas he was still stuck on the level of ideological and day-to-day political struggle."



In his "racial hatred" days Joe Pearce (*above, far right of platform*) listens to the NF's national organiser Martin Webster addressing a "rights for whites" rally in London in 1981. Also on the platform are future MEPs Andrew Brons and Nick Griffin.

This is precisely what we find lacking in the New Joe. There is an abundance of theology and philosophy, but a striking shortage of practical political and social analysis or advocacy. What precisely does the New Joe believe on the fundamental issue of the racial transformation of European nations? Let us assume the dictates of Christian love and morality of which we read much in this book, but does that mean that all peoples on the face of the earth should open their borders to whatever quantity or quality of people desire admission? Let the New Joe discuss openly whether he believes that England should cease to be a nation of Englishmen? It is well to suggest that Griffin needs to explore his theological first principles, but there are real "day-to-day" problems and neither Pearce's disparaging of them nor his refusal to comment on them will enable Europe to solve them.

We encounter the same vagueness in Pearce's description of Jean Raspail's *The Camp of the Saints*. This book is a realistic, fictional depiction of Western weakness in the face of a massive peaceful invasion by Third World peoples of North America and Europe. The New Joe tells us the book suffers from "grotesqueness of characterization" and "apocalyptic nastiness of plot." We are then given another of those tantalizing, but, at the end, superficial sentences of the comfy clichés of what Pearce calls "rational love." Let us quote at length for so much of the transformation of Joe Pearce lies in the following lines about Raspail's masterpiece.

"I felt uneasy at the total lack of true compassion in the novel, indicative perhaps of the war in my own heart between my embittered and entrenched opposition to the presence of non-whites in Britain and Dickensian love for my fellow man which resisted and transcended the bitter canker of hatred."

Here is the crux of the dilemma which Pearce has confronted. May a Christian, summoned to love all men, advocate things which may be for the good of his own people but may force other peoples back to their own lands and abilities? One wonders if the New Joe would ever countenance a nation defending itself? Would that military defense not suffer from a lack of compassion? One searches in vain in the pages of *Race With the Devil* for an answer.

In the book's final chapters we are given the details of Pearce's conversion to the Catholic Church. Essentially three factors were involved. At a certain point Joe grew tired of a movement which had resulted in two imprisonments for violations of the Race Relations Act, numerous violent confrontations with anti-nationalists and, on his forays into Northern Ireland, with Irish Republicans. This grueling existence also included involvement with the Skinhead/Oi! racialist musical scene and with Chelsea supporters at the height of their mid-70s ferocity (and widespread nationalist links). Since Pearce began this life at an age younger than most it is understandable that he tired of it.

In addition, it was a life which involved much boys-will-be-boys heavy drinking and eventually a troubled marriage; "(T)urbulent and torturous" in our author's words. This too weighed heavily on Pearce and the autobiography is full of allusions to the domestic stability which existed in his childhood pre-London and later which he glimpsed in time spent with Nick Griffin's family.

Finally, Pearce was hurt deeply by the last internecine battle in the NF of 1986 when the young radicals, who had together ousted the party's old guard, took to feuding among themselves in a manner most vicious and personal. In the author's words, "My closest friends had become sworn enemies of each other and I was horrified and sickened by the outright lies and merciless character assassinations being perpetrated." He references, albeit not by name, the booklet *Attempted Murder*, in which "Griffin

and his allies disseminated outrageous lies against those whom Nick had previously called friends." For readers unfamiliar with the nasty battle between the two tiny fragments of the NF which were left in the late '80s, after numerous squabbles, the constant theme of the "radical faction" was that their "Flag" opponents were really working as clandestine government agents to destroy the nationalist movement. This bizarre notion, directed at dozens who had served the cause long and hard, was accompanied by personal calumnies concerning their opponents' sexual and alcohol abuses. Let the New Joe continue: "If they could assassinate their friends so cynically with words what would they do with their enemies if they ever had the power of the state behind them?"

Pearce's increasing sense that his allies were a nasty hateful bunch was contrasted in his mind by several random acts of kindness which Joe experienced at the hands of those who he'd thought were evil enemies. These experiences centering on kindnesses received from a policeman, a Jew and a leftist advocate, awakened within Pearce a sense that human goodness, or as he would call it, "rational love" was a part of life that he'd previously ignored. (The New Joe is here reminded that on page 107 he notes receiving an act of random kindness from a Loyalist couple on the Twelfth of July which probably saved his life. So, even the bad racialists and Loyalists can be kind!)

Since his conversion to "rational love" Dr Joseph Pearce has become a regular on the Catholic lecture circuit.

It was this deepening feeling which, when combined with extensive reading of G.K. Chesterton, C.S. Lewis, Hilaire Belloc and others during his last pre-conversion incarceration and thereafter, which would finally create the New Joe, Catholic convert and enemy of racial nationalism. We will not go into detail on this the final step of Joe's odyssey or his eventual happy marriage to a fellow Catholic. Suffice it to say that, in the end, the New Joe achieved a modicum of respect, security and stability in moderately conservative Catholic circles in America with his writings, lectures and teaching. There were some terrible personal tragedies along the way, but his new found faith seems to have enabled our protagonist to withstand them with his faith, religious joy and love of humanity intact.

To all this we can only say to the New Joe, we are happy for you. It is well that you have found a source of truth and goodness, the joys of family and stability that you long sought. In fact, it is worth noting that this is not a mean-spirited book. Whether discussing Nick Griffin or Ian Stuart, the author attempts to reflect with kindness and affection on his friendship with them. As a further example, Pearce spends several pages on Roberto Fiore, former leader of the Italian, radical nationalist group *Terza Posizione* and a former member of the European Parliament representing his own party, Forza Nuova, who had a strong influence on the young NF radicals of the 1980s. Pearce writes, "I liked Roberto Fiore very much and found him pleasant, intelligent and affable company." He adds a favorable comment on Forza Nuova's advocating "the banning of abortion and the encouragement of the traditional family."

And, throughout the book we are informed that many of the ideas and affections acquired in his politicized youth still resonate with the New Joe, be it the promotion of local, small-scale economy, the rejection of imperialism and massive nation states. These were all ideas which the Old Joe absorbed and promoted in the pages of *Rising*, *New Nation* and *Nationalism Today*, the organs of radical thought in the heady days (ideologically) of the 1980s. Lastly, we have the New Joe's admission that he still follows the fortunes of Chelsea FC. Thus, the young admirer of Peter Bonetti, who once got a pair of the famous goalkeeper's trademark gloves for Christmas still "cheers" his team on "through the sun and rain" from the other side of the ocean.

Hence, it is not only in politics but also in football supporting that the New Joe has found happiness over recent decades which was denied him in the past. To which we freely say, congratulations.

However (there had to be a "however"), we are forced to demand of the New Joe that he tell us where he now stands on the vital issues that once so motivated him. Perhaps, it is of consequence that the New Joe is not totally silent on these matters. In a digression during his chapter, "Portrait of a Friend", about Nick Griffin, and how he spent much meaningful time exploring the English countryside in his old comrade's company, the New Pearce allows that his former political loyalties may well have been positively motivated. " . . . my own descent into the nasty world of racial hatred was not motivated primarily by hatred but by a disordered and perverted love for my own country and people. The animus of my own creed was not animosity to aliens but a love of my own people, albeit a love that became an idol, a false god that I worshipped at the expense of my own spiritual wellbeing."

It is the vagueness of these musings, the refusal to weigh in on the very practical reality of England's rapid transformation into an Islamic or other non-English country which causes us to request of the New Joe that he just tell us the truth. Is there a racial problem in England, France or even the Florida where he now resides in America? (Were the New Joe still to believe that these problems are real, an honest discussion of them might well spell the end of his current respectable career among Catholic moderates.)

Similarly, the New Joe recalls fondly his days at the Twelfth of July parades in Belfast. He writes, "There's nothing like it and the memory still sends a primal, tribal thrill up my spine as I remember the beating of the drums and the sheer fervor and magnitude of the event." To which we want to shout, yes, and, therefore what? Should Ulster be absorbed into the Republic? To what degree may that embattled province still be allowed to have its public square rituals of a British orientation? Should Ulstermen forget their past, their history, ancestors and the like? Come on Joe, what do you believe today on all these and so many other questions?

Yes, we understand that you fear that in order for Europe to defend itself there may have to be some motivations based on "hate" or, at least, a sense that the Other is so different from us that we simply cannot live in large numbers together with each other? Joe, do you want Europe to become Islamic and/or African and if not what do you propose to do about it?

By the way, wasn't it the Catholic Church and its warriors who in its 1900 years prior to Vatican II stood in defense of Europe from Muslim invasion (celebrated in Chesterton's verse). Was that also evil? What about the Crusades and their Papal backing? Finally, can wars ever be waged without some sense of dislike for the enemy on the part of many, not all perhaps, but many soldiers?

Finally, we'd like to hear a bit more about the New Joe and Vatican II. What do you think the likes of Chesterton, Belloc, Newman, Knox etc., would make of Pope Francis? What would Roy Campbell or Solzhenitsyn, to mention some of your heroes, make of a Pope unwilling to criticize the rampant divorce, abortion, homosexuality and contraception of contemporary man? What would they make of a Pope who constantly criticizeS those who take the Catholic Faith seriously? (Here again we fear to mention that a robust SSPX or sedevacantist position would also signal the end of the New Joe's stable existence.)

Like most conversion tales, *Race With the Devil* seeks to present a stark dichotomy between the bad past and the good present. For the Joe Pearce who always saw himself as one who struggled honestly with ideas, who sought the truth, even when he ceased being Captain Truth, we have to ask for a bit more. Now that we know how you found peace and meaning in the Catholic Church, Joe, we are quite content to let you bask in its consolations and seek to worship God as you perceive Him. Good. But the rest of us must still live here in the world which He created and we'd like to know how you propose to fix some mighty big problems. As a Chelsea supporter you know that we must "sing loud and clear till the game is won." We await your clear song on that which threatens so many.

Reviewed by Gil Caldwell, Trenton, New Jersey

Manfred Roeder

1929 2014

Manfred Roeder, one of Europe's most courageous post-war nationalists, died on 30th July 2014 aged 85. Born in Berlin and educated at one of the elite "Napola" schools created under national socialism, Roeder fought as a 16-year-old in defence of his home city against Stalin's invading Red Army. He devoted the rest of his life to the defence of divided Germany's honour and territorial integrity.

After qualifying as a lawyer Roeder set up a practice in Bensheim, in the central German state of Hesse, and worked alongside conservative and church groups in anti-communist campaigns during the 1960s. At the start of the 1970s he organised very successful nationwide campaigns against the tide of pornography promoted by the anti-German "1968 generation". These campaigns became the basis for a network of German patriots – the German Citizens' Initiative.

In 1973 Roeder's political activity took a radical turn when he wrote a preface to one of the first "revisionist" texts: *The Auschwitz Lie*, by Wehrmacht veteran Thies Christophersen who had been based near the alleged death camp. Many of his anti-communist and Christian allies were too frightened to join Roeder in campaigning for historical truth and justice, but he explained that after 1945: *German jurisdiction and search for truth was made impossible. Only the victors were to sit in judgment and to write history.*

As part of the fightback against this injustice Roeder was appointed by the last leader of the Third Reich – Admiral Karl Doenitz – as the Reich's legal adviser. After Doenitz died in 1980, Manfred Roeder became "Regent" or *Reichsverweser* pending the restoration of Germany's legitimate constitution. He had purchased a pre-World War I hotel in the Hessen countryside, which was used as a centre for nationalist and German cultural events.

After a demonstration in Flensburg on the north German coast, Roeder was given a six-month prison sentence and barred from practising law, but was supported by nationalist comrades in the USA and worldwide. He toured the USA inspiring ethnic Germans and other European-Americans to build activist networks, but the most controversial period of his career began on his return to Germany in 1980. A small offshoot from Roeder's Citizen's Initiative – calling themselves the "German Action Groups" – began a bombing campaign against political targets linked to the continuing oppression of the German people.

After the bombing of an asylum centre in Hamburg caused the deaths of two Vietnamese refugees, the culprits called Roeder for legal advice while on the run. Thus the authorities were able to build a credible "conspiracy" case against him and in 1982 he was sentenced to 13 years in prison. Released in 1990 he resumed his political career and was invited to address the BNP's annual rally in October that year, but was banned from the UK at the instigation of leading Zionist and Labour MP Greville Janner (who is now facing police investigation for child abuse). Roeder was refused entry to the UK again in 2007 and faced continuing legal persecution (see *H&D* 30).

In 1998 Manfred Roeder was a parliamentary candidate for the NPD and featured in a BBC documentary film. During the 1990s one of his main activities was to promote the return of ethnic Germans to areas of East Prussia taken over by Stalin after 1945, including the Baltic city of Königsberg (which the present author visited in 1993 as part of this initiative). This campaign caused a political scandal in Germany a few years later, when it was admitted that Roeder had lectured at an official military academy in 1995.

In 2006 he visited Tokyo and published a joint manifesto with Japanese nationalist leader Ryu Ohta, but soon afterwards his health began to decline and in recent years he had left active politics. Manfred Roeder deserves to be remembered as a giant of European nationalism.

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

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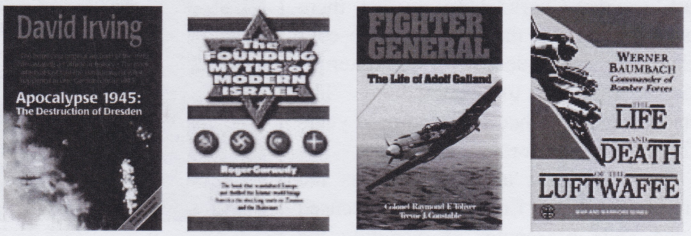

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The 'Holocaust' and Free Speech – An interview with Richard Edmonds

Editor's Note: This is a summary of the interview that Richard Edmonds recently gave to Paul Hickman's *Voice of Albion* Internet Radio Show. It is live, every Wednesday, at 9pm BST. www.renegadebroadcasting.com Any nationalist who would like to be a guest can email Mr Hickman at – paulhickman2020@yahoo.co.uk

We are discussing here the "Holocaust", the allegation that during the Second World War, the Germans murdered six million Jews in a programme of mass-extermination committed at Auschwitz and elsewhere.

I will commence this discussion by demonstrating how widespread is the belief in the "Holocaust". At the notorious trial between the British historian, David Irving, and the American academic, Deborah Lipstadt, held in London in the year 2000, the presiding judge, Charles Gray, made this comment in his summing up:

"In common, I suspect, with most people, I had supposed that the evidence of mass-extermination committed at Auschwitz was compelling."

That was the statement made in open court by judge Charles Gray. In fact, there was no excuse for the learned judge ever to suppose "the evidence of mass-extermination at Auschwitz to be compelling." The facts of the matter had been exposed years before at a trial in Toronto, Canada.

The defendant in the dock was the German-Canadian, Ernst Zundel, accused by the State prosecutor of disputing the claim that during the Second World War the Germans had murdered millions of Jews in purpose-built gas-chambers. The Canadian state treated disputing the "Holocaust" as a criminal offence at the time.

Richard Edmonds addressing a demonstration at the German Embassy in London, in support of jailed publisher Ernst Zundel.

This trial, held in 1985 against Ernst Zundel, is of the greatest importance due to the evidence given at the court by an expert witness. Professor Raul Hilberg of the University of Vermont, USA, was recognised by the court to be the world-expert on the alleged "Holocaust". In open court and under oath, Professor Hilberg stated that he knew of no independent, forensic, scientific evidence for the existence anywhere of a gas-chamber, planned, built and operated by the Germans during the Second World War for the purpose of killing, murdering or executing Jews or any other persons. Professor Hilberg further stated that with regard to causes of death suffered in the whole extent of German-occupied Europe during the Second World War, he was unable to supply the court with a single autopsy certificate, stating the cause of death of a single individual to be due to poisoning by cyanide gas. Cyanide gas was the highly toxic gas allegedly used in the alleged German gas-chambers.

I would like to add at this point that I do not minimise or make light of the suffering endured during the Second World War by the Jews or any other peoples. Fact is: the Second World War was the most destructive and bloody war in the history of mankind. The suffering was immense, especially for those who found themselves in Central and Eastern Europe. But the fact is that the allegation that the Germans murdered millions of Jews - and murdered them in gas-chambers - at Auschwitz and elsewhere has nothing to substantiate it. It is in fact a blood-libel against the German people. Politically the allegation is used to justify the Second World War and the post-1945 political settlement of Europe.

Question: What is the source and origin of the allegation that the Germans murdered millions of Jews during the Second World War ?

Answer: The origin of the "Holocaust" allegation is to be found in the trial that the victorious Allies organised against their defeated German foes in the years following the War, at the German city of Nuremberg. The victorious Allies were, of course, the United States of America, the Soviet Union of Josef Stalin, Great Britain and France. At this trial of the defeated German leaders, the Allies were simultaneously Judge, Jury, Prosecutor and Hangman in their own case and in their own court. The Allies' Nuremberg trial was publicly condemned at the time by principled, leading Americans. The Chief Justice of the US Supreme Court, Judge Harlan F. Stone, condemned the trial as a "lynching". US Senator Robert Taft condemned the Allies' trial, as a "travesty and a perversion of Justice". Taft described America's participation as a blot on the honour of the United States. Senator Taft predicted that in the future Europeans would condemn America for its participation in the "lynching".

The explanation for these leading American jurists making their public and scathing condemnation, was that in the procedures, which the triumphant Allies had agreed upon at the conference that they held in London in the summer of 1945, and which were to form the basis of the trial of their defeated foes, the Allies in their utter cynicism had discarded every principle of traditional Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence; that is, they discarded the very basis of Law in Great Britain and the United States of America.

In particular, the standard rules of evidence were discarded. For example, the Allies held that their allegations of German atrocities, printed and published to saturation point in the Allies' war-time press, were to be accepted at face-value as "Public knowledge" and were of such a notoriety that without any further independent, judicial investigation, the Allies' court could accept them as of probative value. If the Allies said it, then it could not be questioned. The appalling consequence was that men and women, Germans and others, were found guilty and hanged on allegations of their committing atrocities, which were later found to have no basis in fact.

To their undying shame, the Allies also employed torture to extract self-condemning confessions of guilt from their helpless prisoners. I will present here two notorious examples of vicious torture.

We know that Rudolf Hoess, a former Kommandant at the Auschwitz camp was captured by a special unit of the British Army at the end of the Second World War, and we know that Hoess was tortured and beaten almost to the point of death, and then given a choice: either to confess to committing the murder of millions of Jews at Auschwitz, or else...he and his family, wife and children would suffer the consequences. Hoess' statement obtained under torture was presented and accepted at the Allies' court as proving the claim that Auschwitz in Poland is the location of the mass-murder of millions.[1] In response to rumours of abuses inflicted upon German prisoners of war held captive by the US Army in post-War Germany, the American judge, Edward van Roden was commissioned by the US Army to investigate the situation. Van Roden examined German prisoners, and found that many had been tortured; that more than a hundred had had their testicles crushed beyond repair. These men had been tortured, as in the case of the Auschwitz Kommandant Hoess, in order to extract from them the self-condemning confessions of guilt that the Allies needed to buttress their propaganda-lies. On his return to the USA, Judge van Roden published his findings at press-conferences held in New York and Chicago.[2]

It is clear just how justified was that condemnation of the Allies' Nuremberg trial which contemporaries made at the time. One can but admire Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone and US Senator Robert Taft, brave and honourable men, who publicly opposed the Allies' wicked insanity. And one can only ask: How could American and British lawyers be found to carry out this travesty of Justice? I do not know.

In conclusion, the truth is exactly as presented in 1985 by Professor Hilberg at the Toronto trial: there is nothing to substantiate the claim that the Germans murdered millions of Jews during the Second World War. The

"Holocaust" allegation is nothing but a propaganda-lie concocted by the war-time Allies, and gotten at the Allies' Nuremberg lynching by the cynical trampling on all the principles of American and British jurisprudence.

The disgrace that remains is that 70 years later across most of mainland Europe it is a criminal offence to question the findings of the Allies' Nuremberg trial. In France, in Austria, in Germany, in Poland, in Belgium, dissidents can be fined enormous sums of money, or be jailed for years on end, for the expression of their non-violent opinions. Here are some of Europe's modern-day dissidents:

Ernst Zundel, the German-Canadian, who among many other trials and tribulations suffered a total of seven years' imprisonment in jails in the USA, Canada and Germany, and all for the expression of his non-violent opinions on the alleged "Holocaust".

Professor Robert Faurisson of France lost his position at the University of Lyon, and amongst many other trials and tribulations has been fined enormous sums of money for the expression of his non-violent opinions on the alleged "Holocaust".

The Dutch woman, Florentine Rost van Tonningen, suffered a life-time of state-organised persecution.

People think that Switzerland is a charming and peaceful little country. Switzerland posses a vicious Race Act. The seventy year old Gaston-Armand Amaudruz was jailed in Switzerland for his non-violent opinions.

We continue: the school teacher, Vincent Reynouard in France; the book-seller, Pedro Varela in Spain; the Belgian, Siegfried Verbeke; the Austrian, Gerd Honsik. All were jailed for saying: I do not believe the allegation that the Germans murdered millions of Jews.

Let us focus on Germany. The school teacher, Guenter Deckert was jailed for five years for disputing the alleged "Holocaust". The German scientist, Germar Rudolf, was jailed for years. The Australian academic, Dr. Fred Toben, was jailed in Germany; during a visit he had expressed his doubts on the "Holocaust". The German defence-lawyer, Sylvia Stolz, was jailed for three and half years. The German lawyer, Horst Mahler, is part way through a twelve year prison sentence.

Last, but certainly not least, in this listing of some of Europe's modern martyrs to the cause of Truth in History, is the case of the British historian, David Irving. In 2005 Irving was arrested in Austria and charged with the offence of disputing the "Holocaust". The trial in Vienna of this educated Englishman made world-wide news; and his subsequent jailing by the Austrians to years of imprisonment was condemned as a scandal in Britain.

The Independent (29 Nov. 2005) wrote: " Free speech is for everybody – even David Irving"; the *Daily Express* (30 Nov. 2005) wrote: "Irving should not be in prison"; *The Times* (20 Jan. 2006) wrote: "Irving's right to hold his opinions must be defended. Austria's action in locking up David Irving is offensive to free speech"; the London *Financial Times* (18/19 Feb. 2006) wrote under the heading "Historical truth speaks for itself"; "Those Western countries with laws against holocaust denial are in a tricky position. They must undo laws that have proved unworkable." And the *F.T.* quoted the legal philosopher, Ronald Dworkin, that the European Convention on Human Rights must be used to strike down laws banning Holocaust denial.

Contemporary Europe is subject to a continent-wide tyranny: Truth-speakers are jailed. Ruthlessly, with malice aforethought. Under these conditions of the suppression of free enquiry, nobody, almost nobody, is going to investigate the truth of the "Holocaust". This is the nub of the problem. How are we then to obtain the truth ? This is where people should focus their concern: Without Free Speech, we are slaves to those who would dominate our minds.

I conclude with the words of US President Thomas Jefferson: It is only falsehoods which need the buttress of Government laws. The Truth can stand by itself.

Richard Edmonds, Croydon, Surrey

Editor's Notes:

[1] The description of the torture of the former Auschwitz camp Kommandant, Rudolf Hoess, can be found in Rupert Butler's book, *The Legions of Death*, published in 1983 by Hamlyn Books, London.

[2] The torture of German P.O.W.s that the American judge, Edward van Roden, exposed, can be found in Arthur Butz's book, *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, published in 1977 by the HRP, California, USA.

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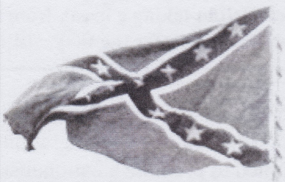

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Death of a Delusion – Nick Griffin Quits BNP Leadership

After fifteen mostly wasted years – and having brought the British National Party to the brink of extinction – Nick Griffin stepped down as BNP leader following an acrimonious meeting of the party's national executive on 19 July 2014. His former ally Adam Walker became the new BNP leader, pending a leadership election next year among the party's much diminished membership.

In his farewell statement, Griffin risibly insisted:

The decision was mine and mine alone, though it involved a lengthy and constructive discussion between the entire collective leadership.

In reality Griffin's key supporters had deserted him, recognising that the Welshpool dictator was no longer credible. The collapse of his authority resembled the fall in 1989 of Romania's President Ceauşescu, who was left staring in bafflement as a previously cowed populace booed their ex-leader, and a previously loyal corps of security goons turned on their soon to be ex-boss.

Leading the BNP rebellion alongside Adam Walker were East Midlands nationalist veteran Geoff Dickens as well as formerly loyal Griffinites including North West regional organiser Gary Tumulty and London's Steve Squire and Donna Treanor. This reflected a growing disillusionment among younger activists such as Jack Renshaw and Kevin Layzell.

Griffin's right-hand man Simon Darby had opted out of the faction fight and was on holiday at the time of the crucial meeting, leaving only Griffin's immediate family, plus chief crony Alwyn Deacon, as reliable allies.

Nick Griffin taking a break from the 2001 general election campaign in happier times for the BNP, visiting Hooters bar in Fairfax, Virginia.

As documented in *H&D* during the past decade, Griffin had regularly purged the BNP of potential rivals, and had been prepared to pay the price of shedding high calibre activists and organisers – destroying party branches and even entire regions. He could get away with this for as long as there were new recruits and new branches to replace the purged and disillusioned allies of yesteryear.

At the BNP's peak, Griffin's reckless style of party management resembled a bath with the taps full on but the plug out. New recruits were pouring in – especially for a few years after 2001 when New Labour's immigration policy and worldwide Islamist terrorism combined to promote a nationalist (or at any rate anti-Muslim) public backlash. But established activists were draining away.

By 2014 the illusion could no longer be sustained. Under the constitution which he inherited from BNP founder John Tyndall and (despite promises of reforms and "accountability") went on to make ever more authoritarian, Griffin could simply have expelled the rebels and carried on with a tiny band of followers. But he seems to have calculated that another bloody purge would leave him without a shred of credibility. Most crucially, it would leave him shouldering the entire blame for the party's increasingly obvious parlous state. (Within days of the leadership change, the BNP was humiliated in a council by-election in Charnwood, Leicestershire, defeated by the rival British Democratic Party – see *Movement News*.)

How did the political odyssey of Nicholas John Griffin reach such a grubby terminus?

Griffin's parents had been right-wing Conservatives, and though his father Edgar was (and is) a very prominent Freemason, they indulged young Nick's interest in "far right" politics during the mid-1970s. Led by the dynamic team of John Tyndall and Martin Webster, the National Front was becoming Europe's most successful nationalist party, despite the British electoral system making it almost impossible for small parties to gain seats even at council level.

Economic crisis and an apparent threat from the far-left made even respectable Tory professionals such as the Griffins look with favour on militant nationalist street activity. This was a time when senior military and intelligence figures considered an alliance with nationalist street armies: men like General Sir Walter Walker, NATO's former Commander in Chief for Northern Europe; George Young, ex-deputy chief of MI6; and David Stirling, founder of the SAS. So it wasn't all that peculiar for a young public schoolboy like Nick Griffin to be drawn into the nationalist scene.

Nevertheless, among visible NF activists rather than fundraisers and elderly fellow travellers, Griffin certainly was unusual – and even more unusual among his contemporaries at Cambridge University in the late '70s. It was at this stage that he emerged onto the Young National Front scene. Although at that time he was overshadowed by his working class and middle class contemporaries – Joe Pearce of Barking and Kevin Randall of North London – it would have been reasonable for the young Griffin to assume that he would be guaranteed a reasonable income and a significant political position as a big fish in a nationalist pool that (unlike the major parties) was not well stocked with Oxbridge types.

At some point during this period the undergraduate Griffin became friendly with Martin Webster, the NF's homosexual national organiser who later told the *Sunday Times* that he and young Griffin had an affair. This would certainly have enhanced Nick's political ambitions.

Sadly for those ambitions, the NF had already passed its electoral peak around the time Griffin left school. His future ally Derek Holland polled less than 0.6% in Cambridge at the 1979 general election, and even in more promising territory the party lost most of the ground gained during the mid-'70s.

NF chairman John Tyndall and his supporters blamed earlier factional divisions and concluded that the party needed a more authoritarian constitution. When members voted against their proposed changes, the Tyndall group broke away to form first the New National Front, then the British National Party.

Griffin for the time being professed his faith in the NF's democratic constitution and remained loyal to Martin Webster's faction. In 1981 he contested his first parliamentary election aged just 22, at the Croydon NW by-election. By now the NF's decline had become obvious, and it was no surprise when Griffin polled only 1.2%. Two years later at the 1983 general election this fell to 0.9%, again consistent with the NF's nationwide decline.

By 1983 Griffin had begun to associate with a group of young radicals influenced by fugitive Italian nationalists Roberto Fiore and Massimo Morsello. Partly this was the old story of young activists thinking they had discovered a formula that their elders were too hidebound or foolish to appreciate, partly it was another version of the crank theorising which has long plagued our movement. More positively some NF activists made genuine contributions towards a radical nationalist philosophy which was not merely a copy of mid-20th century European fascism or national socialism. In particular the journal *Nationalism Today* revived interest in British nationalist writers such as G.K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc and even William Morris (hitherto claimed as a progenitor of the Labour Party).

Griffin was part of the editorial committee of *Nationalism Today*, but despite his Cambridge education was never seen (then or since) as among the ideological powerhouses of the movement. (To be fair to Nick, I don't think he would ever have made any such claim himself.)

Soon after the 1983 election debacle, Griffin joined the young radicals in ousting Webster. Andrew Brons remained as party chairman but by the end of 1984 stepped aside from the factional ferment. His 31-year-old deputy Ian Anderson (who had never been elected by the membership even to this number two role) stepped up to become NF chairman, and Nick Griffin (then aged 25) became the new deputy chairman, again unelected.

It was at this stage that *The Times* returned to what has become a routine media theme when dealing with nationalists. Every few years a journalistic commentator will assert that a nationalist party has improved its image by ditching traditional ideology, "modernising", not mentioning Jews,

etc. The author will imply that this move away from Hitlerism is boosting nationalism's prospects, but will end by insisting that beneath the mask of moderation the same old Nazi ideas are still dominant.

In April 1985 a *Times* article headlined "Which face for the National Front?" expressed surprise that the NF's journal *New Nation* included articles on Belloc, Orwell and Tolkien and promoted Anderson and Griffin as leaders of a "young intellectual right" taking over the Front, in contrast to "the thuggish figure of Martin Webster." The article then quoted *Searchlight* on the NF's continuing extremist and paramilitary connections, and ended by warning: "Throughout the articles in *New Nation* there are attempts to illustrate racial elements in British authors. The National Front remains as ugly as ever."

Strangely the author of this piece was not a political journalist but Richard Dowden, a specialist on Africa and the Middle East who is now Director of the Royal Africa Society. Dowden's article had noted that the Anderson-Griffin team were attacked by nationalist rivals as "Strasserite", after Adolf Hitler's anti-capitalist critics Otto and Gregor Strasser. He had spotted various themes that the NF was beginning to promote alongside racial nationalism: distributism (an alternative to modern capitalism developed during the 1930s, proposing a shift back to smaller businesses and self-sufficient communities); environmentalism and animal rights; hostility to American nuclear bases in Britain. Yet he failed to spot the developing tensions between the two young Oxbridge leaders at the top of the NF: Ian Anderson and Nick Griffin, which were not just personality clashes but a genuine political fissure.

By 2014 a tired and bloated Griffin was unable to deploy his dictatorial powers to fight off an internal coup that replaced him with Adam Walker (*left*), previously an insignificant party functionary.

The jumble of ideas embraced by the young radicals who had ousted Webster (and who derided John Tyndall's BNP as "reactionary") contained an inherent contradiction which quickly became the basis of a bitter split. Many articles in *Nationalism Today* deliberately emphasised the British roots of nationalist ideas, and some NF leaders (including Anderson as well as Steve Brady, Andrew Brons, Tom Acton and Martin Wingfield) aimed to link this rediscovery of specifically British ideological traditions with a "populist" strategy of nationalist campaigning which expressed our ideas in terms readily comprehensible to voters.

However right from the start of the internal factional struggle against Martin Webster a rival current was expressed through the magazine *Rising*, backed by the fugitive Italians Fiore and Morsello. This emphasised the "third position" ideology of the banned Italian group "Armed Revolutionary Nuclei", blamed for the 1980 bombing of Bologna railway station. Like Brons and Brady, the "third positionists" were interested in distributism and nationalist alternatives to capitalism, but they also ventured into traditional Catholicism and more esoteric territory such as the ideas of Italian fascist philosopher Julius Evola, and even the legacy of Corneliu Codreanu, leader of the Romanian Iron Guard, who was viewed less as a political leader and more as a martyred saint.

Former Trotskyist Derek Holland became one of the leading advocates of this ultra-radical faction, and Holland's 1984 booklet *The Political Soldier* influenced a generation of activists who became known as the "cadres" or "political soldiers". Nick Griffin (despite his later posturing as an advocate of "modernising") during the 1980s aligned himself with the most extreme wing of the NF. In 1986 tensions culminated in a major split: Griffin, Holland, Phil Andrews, Graham Williamson, Patrick Harrington and the Italians called themselves the Official NF (as they held a narrow majority on the ruling Directorate). They continued to publish *National Front News*. The "populist" faction regrouped around their newspaper *The Flag*, and though officially termed the NF Support Group soon became known as the Flag Group.

These were the days before the Electoral Commission, so each faction was able to use the name National Front. For a while Griffin acted as chairman of the Official NF. He tried in vain to keep Joe Pearce (one of the party's few big names) and drove through the night from London to lobby South West regional organiser Mark Cotterill (now editor of *H&D*). Both Pearce and Cotterill chose to back the Flag Group.

As the 1986 NF split became more bitter, Griffin began to exhibit the crazed paranoia that was to become even more evident in his BNP years. One of the issues that had forced the split was Griffin's enthusiasm for a confrontational strategy in Ulster, which led to the arrest of NF Ulster organiser Andy McLorie for petrol bombing police officers' homes. Griffin escalated this issue further into a complicated conspiracy theory, claiming that the state had deliberately murdered an Ulster loyalist demonstrator in Portadown and had then used its agents inside the NF to subvert the revolutionary strategy of Griffin and his chums.

Among those labelled as state agents in Griffin's 1986 factional booklet *Attempted Murder: The State/Reactionary Plot Against the National Front* were Andrew Brons, and Tina and Martin Wingfield – each of whom was later to be persuaded (to their ultimate regret) to bury the hatchet and assist Griffin in further doomed ventures. In a characteristic rhetorical flourish Griffin sought to turn his faction's disastrous haemorrhage of members into a positive virtue:

We now have an idea of how far the enemies of Revolutionary Nationalism will go to try to stop us. Fortunately the recent upheaval has purged the movement of the last reactionary elements who always act as their fifth column. ...This will inevitably cause us setbacks and suffering, but at least the battle lines will be clearly drawn and the attacks will only serve to strengthen our resolve. We will make whatever sacrifice is necessary for the salvation of our Race and Nation. We will do so without hatred and without fear. And we will win. ...Even if you kill us, you cannot kill our Revolution. Your corrupt System is doomed to collapse, but we will build a new world above the ruins...

For more than thirty years, nationalists who followed Nick Griffin were to see plenty of purges, setbacks, suffering, sacrifice and eventually ruins. We are still waiting for the new world.

Between 1986 and 1990 Griffin engaged in ever more "radical" posturing, with nil political benefit. Notoriously he travelled to Tripoli in September 1988 with fellow "political soldiers" Holland and Harrington to seek funds from the Libyan dictator Col. Gadaffi, who was then best known in the UK as leading donor to the IRA's terrorist murder gangs. Griffin's ally Phil Andrews proudly told an NF St George's Day rally (in reference to the death of WPC Yvonne Fletcher – the young policewoman shot dead outside the Libyan Embassy in London): "We should not shed any tears over the death of an agent of the Thatcher regime."

Griffin later confirmed to the BBC that his interest in Gadaffi's revolutionary regime was financial, not political:

In our minds was the fact that Libya's a small country awash with oil money, and if we want to build a serious nationalist movement in this country we need to attract serious money. So had we been offered it, we'd have been very pleased to take it – and we hoped that we would be.

Sadly for all their grovelling Griffin & Co. got no cash from the Libyans: just thousands of copies of Gadaffi's *Green Book*, which for years afterwards were hawked at NF meetings.

Griffin's efforts to build revolutionary cadres met with a similar lack of success. By 1989-90 his faction was again splitting, as Patrick Harrington and Graham Williamson broke away to create Third Way, rejecting both Traditional Catholicism and what they saw as "anti-Semitism". Griffin stayed with the majority of the political soldiers, who rebranded themselves as the "International Third Position" (ITP) in association with Fiore and Morsello's more successful Italian operations.

At this stage (though he never really pretended to be a Christian let alone a Traditional Catholic) Griffin was unembarrassed by open criticism of Jews, and was to continue what many regarded as extreme anti-Semitism

into his early years with the BNP. He also moved away from electoral politics: indeed he joined his ITP colleagues in withdrawing from Britain altogether, focusing their resources on developing a commune in rural France. It was here that Griffin lost his eye in a foolish accident, while amusing himself by throwing bullets into a bonfire.

Contrary to later mythology, his eventual split from the ITP in 1990 was not due to this injury, or to Griffin having any objection to the ITP's Catholicism. In reality, as a later ITP bulletin explained: *In 1990 it was decided by the ITP to buy in printing equipment, so as to enhance our political independence and to provide the beginnings of an economic base for the movement. This was our first major step in the Counter-Power strategy. Mr. Griffin was, unfortunately, put in charge. He promptly found the only alcoholic, suspect-homosexual vendor of printing equipment in the country. He paid down many thousands of pounds of another nationalist's money for a set-up that we were told would be ample for our needs. Four or five months after the money had been paid down, we still had not received the equipment. It was only through the perseverance of other leaders that we tracked down the shyster businessman who had been paid for it and forced a delivery. The upshot, however, was that Mr. Griffin had outlaid a huge sum for what can only be described as junk. Of course, by this time Mr. Griffin had lost interest in this particular venture and was moving on to other 'get-rich-quick' schemes. This event, coupled with too many others of a similar, if less serious, nature, led Mr. Griffin to be kept wholly out of anything connected with money.*

***H&D*'s Peter Rushton (*centre*) introduced BNP chairman Nick Griffin to the party's 'Red, White & Blue' rally in 2001 a few months after Griffin's electoral breakthrough in Oldham made nationwide headlines. A year later Rushton was proscribed from the party. A purge of 'Tyndallites' began, culminating in the expulsion of BNP founder John Tyndall himself.**

Griffin retreated to mid-Wales, where his wife Jackie (a fellow Young NF activist whom he had married while NF deputy chairman in 1985) was the main breadwinner for their four children. He was rescued from obscurity and poverty after a few years in the political wilderness when his old enemy John Tyndall offered him a job as deputy editor of his long established nationalist journal *Spearhead*. JT was also of course chairman of the BNP, which had grown out of the Tyndall faction of the NF. As the Front had declined, partly due to Griffin's own actions, the BNP had expanded and won significant support in East London. After Derek Beackon was elected as the BNP's first councillor (for Millwall ward in the London Borough of Tower Hamlets) in September 1993, party membership and media interest in the BNP increased, and John Tyndall saw the need to bolster the party's infrastructure.

Some nationalists (including JT's wife Valerie) remained suspicious of Griffin, and largely for this reason his appointment to the *Spearhead* staff was not publicised: Griffin wrote under the pseudonym "Tom North". He at first kept a relatively low profile in the BNP, though he was backed by a couple of friends from the South London NF, Paul Ballard and John Merritt who had preceded him in defecting from the ITP to the BNP as early as 1992.

During the mid-1990s the BNP was yet again beset by the usual strategic arguments: how far should traditional nationalist ideology be trimmed to avoid allegations of "extremism". In keeping with his approach during the 1980s, Nick Griffin at first presented himself as a champion of the hard-line faction rejecting any such "modernisation". Addressing his first BNP meeting in 1993, Griffin was on friendly terms with Charlie Sargent, then leader of a militant, street fighting wing of nationalism called "Combat 18". Responding to Derek Beackon's victory for which many credited one of Griffin's rivals, election strategist Eddy Butler, Griffin insisted: *The electors of Millwall did not back a post-modernist rightist party, but what they perceived to be a strong, disciplined organisation with the ability to back up its slogan "Defend Rights for Whites" with well-directed boots and fists. When the crunch comes, power is the product of force and will, not of rational debate.*

As Combat 18 tried to pull the BNP back to the streets, a modernising faction including party press officer Mike Newland, Eddy Butler and former bomber turned populist Tony Lecomber developed a line that in their view would pull the party into the 21st century. John Tyndall tried in vain to hold the party together but eventually purged Sargent's C18. For a while Nick Griffin played up to the most hardline factions, some of whom accused John Tyndall of having "gone soft". When Lecomber and the "modernisers" created a colour magazine called *Patriot* to promote their agenda, Griffin replied with *The Rune*, containing interviews with veteran Mosleyites, commemorations of the Waffen SS, and "Holocaust" revisionism – even going so far as to suggest that David Irving had sold out the cause of historical truth by being too moderate in his revisions of the Auschwitz death toll. Griffin seemed determined to court controversy, writing in *The Rune*:
I am well aware that orthodox opinion is that 6m Jews were gassed and cremated or turned into soap and lampshades... I have reached the conclusion that the "extermination" tale is a mixture of Allied wartime propaganda, extremely profitable lie, and latter witch-hysteria.

In 1997 Griffin and Paul Ballard were arrested and charged with inciting racial hatred over several *Rune* articles. A year later they were convicted and given suspended prison sentences. Griffin used the trial process as a means of further networking with BNP activists on the traditionalist wing of the party, becoming especially close to a small but influential group of Scottish activists including Scott McLean and Steve Cartwright.

At the same time he was building alliances with other sections of the party: John Tyndall finally became suspicious of Griffin's ambitions after an undercover investigation by ITV's *Cook Report* broadcast in June 1997. Griffin had been taken in by journalists posing as French nationalists, and had given them an outline of his plans to take over the British nationalist movement. The supposed French nationalists claimed to have money to donate, so naturally Griffin kept this potentially lucrative contact to himself, not consulting his notional employer John Tyndall, nor even other British nationalists reasonably well informed on the French scene, such as the present author, who could have told him pretty quickly that he was being conned.

In 1994 while discussing his proposed appointment to *Spearhead*, Griffin had written to John Tyndall:
Bluntly, I am not at all sure I belong in the British National Party. As you will have probably gathered from my Rune *articles, my opinion of party political organisations with their primary focus on parliamentary elections is very similar to that espoused by Colin Jordan... I believe that the BNP continues to put far too many of its eggs in the basket of mythical parliamentary democracy... I cannot see why we should waste so much time appealing to dupes and morons* [the British electorate] *when there is so much to be done recruiting, educating and equipping our power-winning machine. Further, I am not a British Nationalist. I am first and foremost a White Racialist, and second a Welsh Nationalist.*

Part of the rationale behind this letter was Griffin trying to convince the BNP leader that he had no designs on his position, and that in fact he would be a factional advantage in resisting the modernisers. Yet there can be little doubt that Griffin was already plotting to construct a power base for himself.

Griffin's biggest advantage was that the "modernising" faction lacked a credible leadership candidate, and foolishly they allowed themselves to be persuaded that Griffin had changed his spots. By the start of 1999 many leading BNP activists were looking on Griffin as John Tyndall's heir appar-

ent: increasing numbers were persuaded that a leadership change should come sooner rather than later. Meanwhile Griffin's supporters perceived that the Tyndallites planned to change the BNP constitution, so as to ensure that a potential leadership contender would require more years of party membership before being nominated. This would have delayed a Griffin candidature and potentially allowed other rivals for the succession to emerge.

At a party organisers' meeting early in 1999 called to plan that year's European election campaign Griffin made his move, issuing a circular announcing that he would challenge for the BNP leadership. John Tyndall's supporters were caught by surprise, as they were suspecting an eventual Griffin bid but not until after the European elections. Adroitly mobilised by Tony Lecomber, Griffin's supporters quickly built an unstoppable bandwagon, combining purist national socialists with populist modernisers. Typically Griffin promised everything that everyone wanted to hear, and specifically pledged that under his leadership the BNP would be financially transparent and tolerant of internal debate. The era of nationalist schisms, splits and purges was over – or was it?

In May 1999 another of those typical Fleet Street articles on nationalist "modernisation" appeared in *The Times*, this time penned by future Tory cabinet minister Michael Gove. "Britain's Nazis," Gove told *Times* readers, "are undergoing a transformation" in "an attempt to project a more politically sophisticated face." Just as in a similar *Times* article fourteen years earlier, the key figure was Nick Griffin, this time upgraded from NF deputy chairman to prospective BNP chairman. Gove spelled out the message, in terms that were very helpful to Griffin's leadership campaign: "Tyndall has maintained an ideological preference for race issues at the expense of other neo-Fascist policies and a tactical attachment to deploying his men mob-handed on the street for canvassing and confrontation. Griffin believes in new alliances, modifying the party's official stance on immigration and using more sophisticated campaigning techniques."

One accurate comment by Gove that would surprise later BNP recruits was that "Griffin has been trying to move the party away from its concentration on urban agitation... He believes that the suburbs and rural areas offer more fertile ground."

So he did: several months earlier Griffin had tried to persuade a meeting of senior BNP delegates that the party should focus its 1999 campaign on South West England rather than the North West or Yorkshire. The present author successfully argued that the former mill towns of East Lancashire and West Yorkshire represented the best hope for a nationalist electoral breakthrough: and this proved to be the case. When the 1999 results arrived, Griffin had the grace to telephone me and admit I had been correct. Henceforth he was to hitch his political wagon to the great Northern revolt of White Englishmen, notably as a parliamentary candidate in Oldham in 2001, when race riots effectively made Griffin's political fortune.

Yet for several years after winning the party leadership Griffin concentrated on a "modernising" strategy, contradicting virtually all of his previous ideological pronouncements. As his former ITP comrades pointed out, over the past twenty-five years he had been "a conservative, a revolutionary nationalist, a radical National Socialist, a Third Positionist, a friend of 'boot boys' and the skinhead scene, a man committed to respectable politics and electioneering, a 'moderniser'. Which is he really?"

The answer was that Griffin's ideological positions were entirely self-serving. He now insistently rejected hardline nationalism because he wished to discredit John Tyndall and his supporters. During 2000 he had purged the only members of the modernising faction who dared to oppose his financial chicanery, and he knew that no-one from that side of the movement could conceivably threaten his leadership. The only serious rivals (for the moment at least) were in the hardline/traditionalist faction: therefore they had to be marginalised, demonised and purged.

Thus Griffin wrote in the June 2002 edition of the party magazine *Identity* about three 'H's which had to be shunned by the new BNP:

The third 'H' which we have to identify and actively reject is Hitler. Thankfully, the time has long gone when the BNP would tolerate the known presence of deluded individuals as members or on our fringes with a perverted nostalgia for the 1930s. But we now have to promote our anti-Nazi credentials more vigorously...

Several of the leading figures in both the National Front and the old BNP had either flirted with Nazism in the early stages of their careers or, even worse, were still 'closet' Nazis...

I was challenged privately by several northern activists about this article, and confided that someone (doubtless myself) would have to write a reply to the leader's article. Within weeks I was purged from the BNP, in one of several pre-emptive strikes by Griffin designed to pave the way to an expulsion of John Tyndall himself, which duly followed. At the time of his death in July 2005, John Tyndall was officially proscribed from the party he founded, though pursuing legal action for reinstatement.

This was merely the start of a pattern that was to scar Griffin's entire leadership. Burnley – where the BNP had made its first electoral breakthrough of the Griffin era in 2002 – suffered a crippling setback soon afterwards when Griffin began to perceive local organiser Steve Smith as a threat. It was only thanks to the hard work of a few decent local nationalists such as Cllr Sharon Wilkinson that the local branch survived at all, but its potential was cruelly wasted.

One after another, local BNP breakthroughs were consumed by the locusts of Griffinism: Oldham, Kirklees, Calderdale, Bradford, Leeds, Blackburn & Darwen, Sandwell, Dudley, Thurrock, Barking & Dagenham. At the very top of the party, one BNP official after another found Griffin's corrupt cronyism intolerable: party treasurer Mike Newland; deputy chairman Sharron Edwards; cultural officer Jonathan Bowden; election strategist Eddy Butler; group development officer and councillor Sadie Graham; head of administration Kenny Smith and his wife, fellow party official Nicholla Ritchie; webmaster Steve Blake; and many others. Even some of Griffin's partners in crime, such as Tony Lecomber and chief BNP fundraiser Jim Dowson, eventually became enemies.

On numerous occasions Griffin's pathological plotting landed him in legal difficulties, including several disputes with fellow nationalists. Perhaps the last word should go to one of these, Michaela Mackenzie, whose various official roles in the party included office manager and nominating officer. Ms Mackenzie was purged several years ago and successfully dragged Griffin before an employment tribunal. She later wrote:

If anything has become clear to me over the past year, it is that Griffin genuinely believes he is untouchable and above the law – in effect, a dictator.

No man can become a dictator of his own accord. Dictators are created by sycophants who have neither the will nor intelligence to exercise any independent discrimination or moral judgment upon the object of their idolatry, and by craven cowards who cave in to threats and intimidation. Dictators are very skilled at manipulating people, preying on their fears and emotions. One only has to listen to Griffin's 'passionate' speeches or to read Dowson's melodramatic appeal letters, to know that this is precisely what they are doing in order to prompt you to part with your hard earned cash. And it's your hard-earned cash that is being profligately wasted in defending the party against the expensive consequences of Griffin's wanton spite and stupidity.

One wonders whether Mr. Griffin would exercise more reason and moderation were he obliged to fund his incessant court costs from his own wallet? Griffinite members of the party must bear responsibility for what he has become. He is a monster of their own creation. For years they have fawned upon him, bloated his ego out of all proportion to reality, encouraged him to believe he can do no wrong and that he isn't subject to the laws, restrictions and codes of morality that determine decent conduct for the rest of us mere mortals.

In this respect they do a great disservice to the nationalist cause by continuing to empower a tin pot dictator who will ultimately betray them, as he has betrayed so many good people. That is Griffin's tragedy. As true nationalists, it is also ours.

Will those former sycophants such as Adam Walker who eventually ousted Griffin prove themselves to be more than the worms that turned? And in any case will the BNP itself prove to be worth saving?

My guess is that the BNP's time is over and that whatever potential it possessed has now been irrecoverably wasted. The electoral future of British nationalism lies with the British Democratic Party, if it can survive a particularly prolonged and arduous gestation. Street activities seem now to be the preserve of the National Front; while the ideological heritage of European nationalism is promoted by the British Movement. Engagement with new developments in racial and cultural nationalism will evolve through National Action, the New Right and the London Forum.

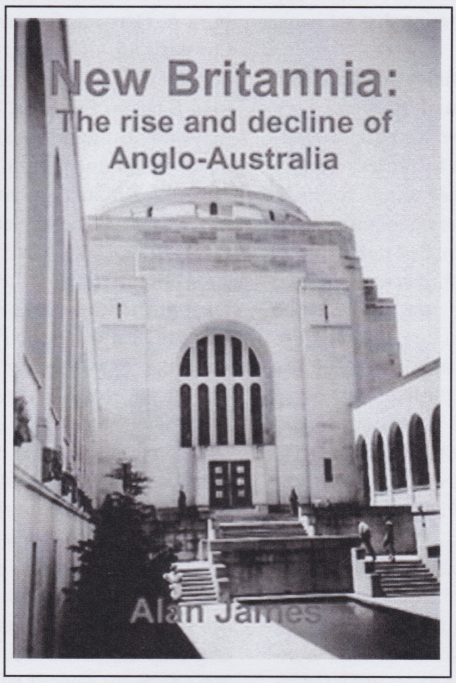
H&D will continue to report on what we have long predicted and has now arrived: the post-Griffin era of British nationalism.

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

Book Review: *New Britannia: The rise and fall of Anglo-Australia* by Alan James

New Britannia: the Rise and Decline of Anglo-Australia by Alan James, Renewal Publications, PO Box 4333, University of Melbourne, 3052, Australia. 2013 ISBN 978-1-300-54292-6; 209 pages; paperback; available for £12.00 from www.amazon.co.uk or at www.lulu.com.

A Briton visiting Australia, however exotic the landscape and climate, mostly still does not feel him- or her-self in a foreign country. Outside some of the large cities, and except amongst the self-appointed political and cultural elite – whose Political Correctness is only exceeded by their rabid and bigoted Anglophobia – a British visitor feels at home. Amongst a people no more alien than the Welsh or the Scots or Ulster folk are to the English. Amongst closer kindred, ethnically and culturally, even than White Americans. How this came to be so, and why it is now being undermined and deliberately destroyed, is ably and eruditely explained in this excellent book. A book whose tale of how White, mostly British, men built a country and are now letting it be torn down from above is relevant far more widely than the bounds of its author's Antipodean island continent.



Mr James prefaces his tale with a fine example of the arrogant and deceitful Anglophobia and Political Correctness of those who now purport to lead Australia culturally and politically. Thence he begins upon the inspiring tale of how that land was won and built by a very different type.

Setting the scene by pointing out just how challenging a land Australia actually is for Europeans. A very ancient and geologically stable continent, where hundreds of millions of years without vulcanism or mountain-building has created a prematurely aged landscape. Australia's low worn-down stubs of mountains and red, highly-oxidised soil combine with the fact that in this era it lies in latitudes where the Earth's atmospheric circulation pattern keeps it very dry to offer an eerie preview of the very remote future of the whole world, hundreds of millions of years hence. Added to that is a biology that has evolved in isolation, pretty much, for many tens of millions of years. The result was to confront 18th Century Britons with the closest thing to an alien terrestroid planet to be found for many light years around!

Much of it was of little immediate use to them. As Mr James points out, Australia has 14 times the land area of France but no more arable land than France has. Even that land is subject to a wildly variable and unreliable climate, in which long droughts are interspersed with calamitous floods. To this day, almost all Australians huddle into a narrow coastal strip of land, now occupied by a series of mega-cities set amid vast and sprawling suburbs, their backs mostly turned to the vast empty Outback of the interior.

The story of how Britain initially set up Australia as a penal colony is well known. But Mr James ably demonstrates that this does not mean that the involuntary settlers thus sent South were the nation's rubbish.

Most were not criminals in the modern sense – they were victims of an increasingly harsh and oppressive social system which, over the previous 250 years had replaced a largely traditional, faith-based society in which even the humblest had come to enjoy certain rights, surprisingly frequent holidays and some measure of protection afforded by a Church which taught even the most powerful they ought to serve ends higher than their own self-interest, with a nascent Capitalism which reduced all men to cogs in a machine creating wealth for the powerful. English and Welsh farmers had seen their traditional common lands "enclosed" and thereby taken from them, and Scots clansmen were about to be cleared from their Highland homes. A Parliament appointed undemocratically by a corrupt clique of rich and powerful men enacted brutal laws to maintain their wealth and power, punishing the least infraction with harsh penalties mitigated only by fear of driving a desperate populace to revolt. Transporting those whom they feared to hang to the other side of the world, even further than to an America that had just thrown off their rule, was a policy they avidly seized upon. Sending a First Fleet to what is now Sydney removed those who implicitly or explicitly challenged their power, without driving them to fight for their lives if they faced the prospect only of the hangman's noose.

As Mr James demonstrates, records show that the settlers thus sent were not in fact mostly a worthless underclass but above average for their social background in terms of both literacy and skills, especially the women transportees. The soldiers sent to guard them were also, this book reveals, mostly decent and competent and initially governed the new colony well and fairly. Many were to join the transportees who, having served their sentences, were encouraged to set up as free farmers, in building what they increasingly came to envisage as a new and a better Britain beyond the sea, loyal to the Mother Country but nonetheless a freer and fitter folk.

Or at least some of them did. Mr James correctly identifies the worm that was introduced very early on into the Australian apple. In 1798, liberal Protestant intellectuals inspired by the ideals of the French Revolution joined with Ulster Presbyterian yeoman farmers exasperated at laws which discriminated against them in favour of the Episcopalian Church of England, and an underclass of perennially rebellious Irish peasantry in the Society of United Irishmen, which rose in revolt against British rule. A revolt no government of any complexion in London could have tolerated because, as was England's eternal nightmare where Ireland was concerned, they promptly offered themselves to serve the ends of England's enemy. In this case the despotic post-Jacobin regime in France, which offered the Irish rebels what aid it could in the hope of securing a foothold with which to prosecute their dream of conquering and crushing England. To decisive military action by the authorities, seeking at all costs to stop the Irish rebels providing a stepping stone for the French into England, was added the hijacking of the idealistic uprising by dark atavistic forces in the South of Ireland.

Whilst Presbyterian farmers stood under the green flag of Ireland and died in battle at Saintfield in County Down, and, as an Irish republican ballad still sings, "Roddy McAuley went to die on the bridge at Toome", three hundred men, women and children of their Protestant kinsfolk were – as Mr James reminds us – being butchered in a barn at Scullabogue, in Co. Wexford. Burned alive by a fanatic mob of Catholic peasants led in a sectarian jihad against their fellow Irishmen by the hero of another rebel song, "Father Murphy, from Old Kilcormack". Never again would Ulster Protestants trust the Catholics of the South, the more so as the authorities in London swiftly removed the legal restrictions on non-Anglican Protestants. But Australia received the first of several incursions of rabidly Anglophobic Irish rebel deportees.

Whose baleful influence in the succeeding two centuries Mr James ably demonstrates. Whilst at the same time surprising this reviewer by revealing that Australian settlers were no more Irish in composition than the population of the British Isles as a whole. They were not, as I had thought, over-represented in the founding population of the colony or its successive settlement.

Settlement which rapidly proliferated faster and more widely than the British Government initially wished. Mr James chronicles a number of examples in which new settlements, including what is now the State of Victoria, were founded illegally in the authorities' despite. Bringing to birth the proudly independent Australian tradition of the "larrikin", the free man or woman prepared to defend his rights in despite of officialdom or its legalities. The discovery of gold in Victoria further boosted both settlement and flouting of bureaucratic attempts to stifle it, culminating in the "Eureka Stockade" revolt of 1854. This has been appropriated as the founding myth of Australian Republicanism, and indeed as an Irish affair, and Mr James rightly takes a closer look, revealing a much more complex picture.

More significantly, he reveals the greater long term importance of a new development in the wake of Eureka. The arrival of large gangs of Chinese in the gold mining areas. At the Eureka Stockade in 1854, the miners' actual grievances were inchoate and confused. By 1857, at the Buckland River riots, they had crystallised into a clear opposition to Chinese immigration organised under the banner of a miners' organisation whose name revealed its purpose: the Anti-Chinese League. An opposition whose wider support became clear when juries refused to convict the rioters.

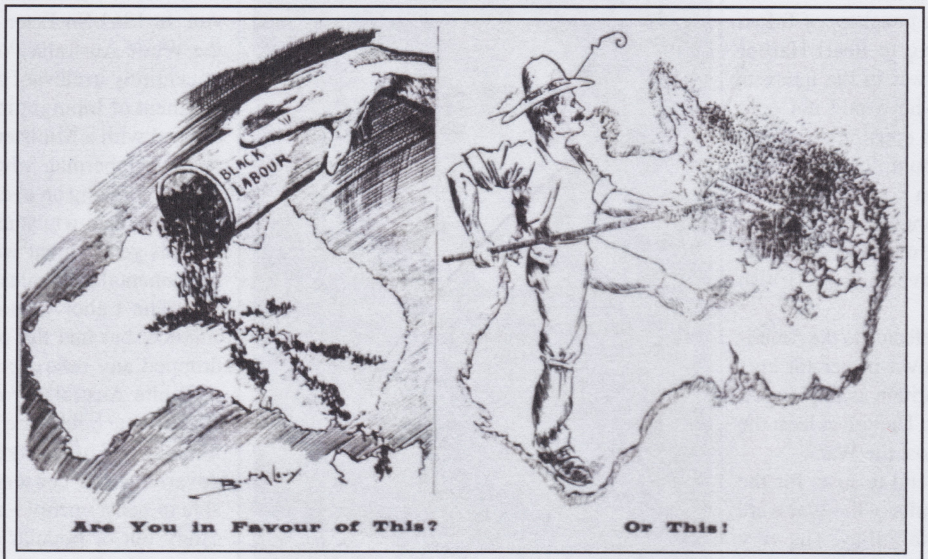
Attempts to import cheap Asian and Pacific Island labour to Australia went back to a proposal of Lord Sydney to the first Governor, Arthur Phillip, that women be imported from the Pacific Islands to serve as partners for the excess male transportees, a proposal Phillip rejected. Subsequently the rich landowning "squatters" who arose in the early decades of the colony repeatedly tried to import Indian "coolies" to undercut White settlers' wages. It is a measure of how times have changed that one such proposal in 1853 was rejected by Sir James Stephen, the Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, on the grounds, seldom heard in such circles today, that the Indians "would beat down the wages of the poor labouring Europeans until the poor became wholly dependent on the rich".

However the Chinese did get in, and were bitterly resented. Mr James tells the story, little known outside his island continent, of how the Anglo-Australian settlers' fight back, under what became the slogan of "White Australia" drove both the foundation of the Australian Labor party and the formation in 1901 of the Federation of Australia from the separate colonies.

The Federal Australian Labor Party was founded in January 1900. Point 2 of its founding platform committed Labor to the "total exclusion of coloured and other undesirable races". Future Labor leader and Prime Minister of Australia Billy Hughes spelled out where Labor stood: "Our chief plank is, of course, a White Australia. There is no compromise about that. The industrious Coloured brother has to go – and remain away." His conservative opponent, Australia's first Prime Minister Edmund Barton, agreed "We are guarding the last part of the World in which the higher races can live and increase freely for the higher civilization." His successor, second Aussie PM Alfred Deakin, argued that "unity of race is absolutely essential to the unity of Australia. It is more, actually more in the last resort, than any other unity."

The Federation of Australia was advocated and supported largely because Australians felt that under one government they could keep their continent White. One of the first acts of the new Federal Government set up in 1901 was to pass an Immigration Restriction Act to that end. The Imperial Government in London wished the Australian Government to word its policy of White Australia subtly to avoid diplomatic complications with the rising power of Japan. So the Australian Government, with London's approval, proposed a law whereby Immigration authorities could impose a dictation test in any European language on "racially undesirable" potential Immigrants, regardless of whether the Immigrant spoke a word of it. In one celebrated case under this law in 1934 a Czech Jew was thus to be tested in Scots Gaelic! Any failure, such as spelling mistakes in Scots Gaelic dictated to a Czech, meant immediate deportation.

But the Labor opposition wanted none of this. Future Labor Prime Minister Billy Hughes summed up his Party's position: "We want a White Australia – and are we to be denied it because we shall offend the Japanese or embarrass His Majesty's Ministers? I think not!" Labor proposed an explicit racial ban on all non-Whites, which was narrowly lost by 36 votes to 31. But all parties agreed that the principle of White Australia had been established by unanimous agreement of people and Parliament.



During the 19th and early 20th century even the political establishment campaigned for the preservation of White Australia and recognised that the ordinary working man would be the main loser if employers were permitted to import cheap foreign labour.

It was a White Australia, almost universally seeing itself as British, that stood loyally by the Mother Country in the disastrous act of self-harm inflicted by European civilization upon itself that was World War I. Australia's solidarity with Britain was not entirely disinterested. Australians expected such loyalty to be reciprocated. Mr James quotes the Australian author H.L. Wilkinson, writing in 1930, explaining exactly what Australians wanted in return for their blood spilled at Gallipoli: "People in Australia fear that their immigration restriction legislation will some day – near or far distant – be challenged, and that this challenge will be supported by a number of the nations of the world, if not by the League of Nations itself. They also fear that this challenge, when made, will not be resisted by other partners of the British Commonwealth of Nations, either politically or by military or naval assistance. Of selfish motives at the back of Australia's enthusiastic participation in the Great War the principal was that based on the hope, and expectations, that the help given to Great Britain and the Allies would be reciprocated by both political and military support, if and when this challenge to its immigration policy should be made".

A challenge that might well come from near at hand. For Australia was coming to become aware of some unpleasant geopolitical realities. As the Australian Prime Minister of the time, Robert Menzies, pointed out "What Great Britain calls the Far East is to us the Near North". A near North swarming with hundreds – now of course thousands – of millions of Asiatics looking enviously at the vastness of Australia, held by only a few million, even today under 20 million, Europeans. A near North from which at that time only the British Empire could shield Australia. If it survived. Hence that Empire must not destroy itself in another futile European war. A war in 1939 Australia's PM passionately opposed, and about its progress by the following year he was deeply worried.

As Mr James puts it: "Menzies, like every other astute Australian of his time, understood that Australia's future could only be secured within the British Empire. Therefore the future of the Empire was of primary importance to him. Yet Churchill was clearly prepared to risk the very existence of the Empire in a total war with Germany. The war seemed likely to result, given Churchill's attitudes, in either total victory over Germany or, given how the dice rolled, the total destruction of the Empire. (In the event, Churchill managed to achieve both results). To Menzies, and to most of the other Dominion leaders, this was unacceptable risk-taking".

By early 1941 to any rational observer Britain, the only remaining power then still fighting a Germany everywhere victorious, and fast running out of cash and credit, had lost the War and needed to make peace whilst she still had anything left to bargain with.

Mr James tells the fascinating and little known story of how Menzies at that point flew to London to attempt to topple the crazed demagogue and fanatic Churchill before he brought down his nation and Empire in ruin around him. Unfortunately the full story is not told here – Mr James refers us to *Churchill at War: A Revealing Account of the 1941 Struggle for Power* by David Day, Simon & Schuster, 2001 for the details (in Australia this is entitled *Menzies and Churchill at War: A Revealing Account of the 1941 Struggle for Power*). Sadly for Britain, Australia and the World Churchill's ruthless unprincipled cunning outmanoeuvred the honest Australian and indeed drove Menzies in turn from his Australian office. So the tragedy was allowed to play on.

To a next act in which Singapore, shield of Australia, was lost by British incompetence and cowardice – the Japanese invader, Yamashita, was almost out of ammunition and reduced to demanding immediate British capitulation as a last desperate bluff when the British commander Arthur Percival

cravenly surrendered Singapore to him, condemning most of his men to a horrible slow death in Jap captivity. Preferring to die fighting as was the course of honour would in fact have paid off beyond hope as the Japanese, out of ammunition and in any case vastly outnumbered by the defending force, would have been forced to flee or be slaughtered.

Menzies' successor John Curtin saw the fall of Singapore, and Churchill's flat refusal to give Australia back her troops engaged pointlessly thousands of miles away in the Middle East so they could defend their own homeland against the advancing Japanese, as a total betrayal of his country by the British Motherland.

A few months earlier Japan had herself betrayed the anti-Communist struggle then reaching a desperate climax before Moscow by refusing to engage or even threaten the Soviets in the Far East and instead indulging themselves in an irrelevant and obviously ultimately self-defeating attack on the neutral USA, and a self-interested rampage plundering European Far East colonies left undefended.

Had Hitler responded to the treachery of Tokyo as he should have, responding to Pearl Harbor with a prompt declaration of war in the interests of racial solidarity on Japan, he would not only have made the fatal American entry into the war against him impossible, he would, it is clear, also have made Churchill's position *vis a vis* Australia wholly impossible. A further cunning – if obviously infeasible – offer of German troops to help in the defence of Australia would have split the British Empire at zero cost.

As things were, Australia defected to the Americans, with whom she has thrown in her lot ever since. And Germany joined Britain as the biggest loser of the Second World War. Though at least the Germans knew that they had lost the War...

Australia was also in the end to lose, for the long-term politico-cultural results of the War were to cost her the White Australia Policy. The very policy which had brought her to birth as a united country.

Before telling the sad tale of how that happened, Mr James returns to the pre-War period to reveal how it could have been otherwise. How in 1919 Australian Labor Prime Minister Billy Hughes successfully blocked a declaration of racial equality being adopted by the new League of Nations. How in 1932 at Ottawa Australia played a key role in getting the Imperial Economic Conference to bring to life Joseph Chamberlain's 1890s policy of Imperial Preference, creating a British Empire trading bloc as a counterpoise to Wall Street, a Wall Street which was falling apart in the Great Depression. It almost worked, but the Second World War put it into abeyance, and in 1944 at Bretton Woods a triumphant Wall Street forced Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa to relinquish any such idea.

Australian Labor Prime Minister Billy Hughes (born in Pimlico, London) was a prominent defender of White Australia. In 1919 he successfully prevented a declaration of racial equality from being adopted by the new League of Nations.

Mr James tells of repeated attempts to boost Australia's population with more Whites, ideally British but at least Northern European. Southern and Eastern Europeans were deterred by a requirement to bring with them a substantial sum in "landing money". By 1938 this was £200, except for Jews, who had stump up £3000!

Mr James then pauses to parade proudly the roll call of scientists, inventors, artists and writers sprung from the fine stock established and maintained by White Australia, including 14 Nobel Prize winners. Plus the famous composer Percy Grainger, of whose passionate Nordicism this reviewer had hitherto been unaware – he penned a song, for some reason seldom heard now, in honour of his blonde Swedish bride entitled *To a Nordic Princess*. Before coming to the much sadder second half of his book, describing how Australians were betrayed and deceived into throwing it all away...

This is a dismal tale with which our readers the whole world over will be depressingly familiar, featuring the usual cast of Establishment politicians who pledge to stand by policies they swiftly abandon, or find unprecedented common ground in which otherwise apparently bitter ideological enemies unite to deny the electorate any choice on key issues. Plus the usual supporting ensemble of trendy sociology lecturers, people with unusual names, ultra-liberals and neo-Marxists shoulder to shoulder with Big Business and its political mouthpieces marching as one toward the multicultural utopia. A rot that became visible in the Fifties, obvious in the Sixties, and carried all before it in the Seventies, before clamping a vice of Political Correctness to consolidate their gains from the Eighties onward. The only players missing from the whole carefully orchestrated production being the mass of the general public, the triumph of whose will is the *raison d'etre*, supposedly, of "democracy". Instead, in Australia as in the US, Britain and Western Europe, they were by turns lied to, ignored, bullied, bemused and deceived by those running the media shadow show put on to keep them quiet even as their country was transformed and stolen from them without any vestige of real consultation or consent.

Thus in Australia in 1956 conservative Liberal-Country Party Prime Minister Menzies avowed his "determination to maintain our traditional" – i.e. White Australia – "immigration policy", which he had already begun surreptitiously to undermine. Two years later, he removed the Dictation Test used to enforce White Australia from the Immigration Act. In 1961 Sir Peter Heydon, a known critic of the White Australia Policy, was appointed to the not entirely irrelevant post of Secretary to the Department of Immigration. Where in 1963 he was blessed with a Minister with the unusual name of Hubert Opperman who clearly shared Heydon's views on letting an ever widening trickle of Asian Immigrants in whilst assuring Parliament in 1966 that his government was "not departing from the fundamental principles" of White Australia.

The Labor Opposition welcomed this assurance, but had the previous year itself quietly dropped any reference to its founding principle of White Australia from its policy platform. By 1971, a year before the White Australia Policy was formally and officially abandoned by the country's government, a conservative Prime Minister felt able to boast openly – albeit to an Asian audience safely out of popular earshot in Singapore – of the stealthy betrayal he and his, on this issue very loyal, Labor Opposition were perpetrating against their own people: "I think if we build up gradually inside Australia a proportion of people who are not of White skin, then as that is gradually done, so there will be a complete lack of consciousness of difference between the races. And if this can be done as I think it can, then that may provide the world with the first truly multi-racial society with no tension of any kind possible between any of the races within it. At any rate, this is our ideal."

It was an ideal not shared by his party, or its Labor opponent, with their electorate, who at that point thought they still held true as they always had to White Australia. Much later, on 25th May 1993, when White Australia was safely dead and buried, the *fait* was *accompli* and Australian cities swarmed with Lebanese and Asians, former Prime Minister Robert Hawke felt free to gloat to the Melbourne *Herald Sun*: "the major parties had reached an implicit pact to keep immigration off the political agenda. He said that for most of the post-war period the parties had maintained bipartisan support for [non-White] immigration in the face of public opposition. He also stated that there are no other issues on which the major political parties have been prepared to act in this way...to advance the national interest ahead of where they believed the electorate to be."

Exactly the same thing happened in Britain and across the White world. The Establishment Parties conspired, as many of their key figures later proudly boasted, deliberately to deny their electorates any choice about the demographic transformation of their countries. They bickered loudly about what their people should do, whilst standing unanimous on a policy to change who their people actually were. A far more fundamental issue and one on which they knew perfectly well, and again now are happy to say so themselves, those peoples utterly and profoundly disagreed with them. They were intentionally given no choice. The political leaders of a slew of Western "democracies" colluded in a carefully planned and co-ordinated manner, as they now proudly admit, to thwart and deny the will of their people, and instead impose a policy they wanted regardless. So much for the "democracy" those countries have wrecked half the Middle East ostensibly

Aboriginal leader Charles Perkins controversially condemned the tide of Asian immigration into Australia in 1981: "Every third face in the street is Asian. ...We can't solve the Asian over-population problem by inviting them here. ...Who cares if I'm called racist?" Perkins (*above*) became the first Aboriginal graduate from an Australian university, and during the 1980s was the first Aboriginal head of an Australian government department. As a footballer during the 1950s he had trials with Everton and played for the leading non-league side Bishop Auckland before returning to Australia.

to bestow upon its benighted peoples....

Around the politicians thus imposing their ideology on an unwilling populace by deceit swarmed the propagandists of that ideology, deliberately ensconcing themselves in academe and the media where they could brain-wash future teachers, journalists and other aptly-named "opinion formers". A strategy long ago devised by the Italian Communist Antonio Gramsci and whose execution in Australia is well chronicled by Mr. James.

Once achieved by these devious means, the imposition of multiracialism on an unwilling populace, like that of any other totalitarian ideology, was secured by a battery of legal and propaganda instruments of repression.

In Australia, as elsewhere, those who dared speak out openly against the new regime, once it was firmly in place, risked being thrown in jail by its official agents and beaten up by its unofficial ones. As well as being subjected to semi-official social and economic pressures, ostracism, loss of employment or at least career prospects, which would be wholly familiar to any 1970s or 1980s Eastern bloc dissident. Meted out in Australia for example in 1984 to eminent – until then! – historian Professor Geoffrey Blainey, who dared protest publicly at the level of Asian immigration into his country. Such is the much vaunted "freedom" of the West, rammed at the point of drone strike, cruise missile and "Shock and Awe" invasion down the throat of less enlightened parts....

Australia had two additional local features that could be employed to its ruination. The first is a vicious hatred amongst a self-styled cultural elite of their own ethnic and cultural origins. One of them, Donald Horne, sneered at his own people thus: "Australia is a lucky country run mainly by second-rate people who share its luck." The likes of Horne, John Pilger and Germaine Greer made their contempt for their own country clear, loudly despising its alleged lack of culture – news to the likes of bush bard Henry Lawson – intelligence – as manifest in Australia's 14 Nobel Prize winners no doubt – and even decent food (disproved very ably by Mr James' list of Australian cuisine, and indeed by this reviewer's own taste buds when Down Under). From their refugia ten thousand miles away in London's Earl's Court this self-proclaimed cultural elite demanded that their "boring and bland" homeland be spiced up by lots of Lebanese, Asian and African Immigrants. This self-hating pack of poseurs were themselves spiced up by a vicious streak of Anglophobia and "pommie-bashing", many outrageous examples of which Mr James sets forth. Examples which would assuredly land their perpetrators in jail were they directed at any other ethnic group in Australia. One example that struck this reviewer is the assertion that TB has been reintroduced to Australia by British migrants, who also are dirty and don't wash! Mr James is probably right to trace the roots of this back to a minority of hardened Irish republicans, whose ability thus to infect Australia is ironically testimony to the clearly misguided mercy and magnanimity of "the Brits" who in the 19th Century deported those they evidently should have hanged out of hand as they deserved.

Mr James also chronicles the systematic campaign to degrade, dismiss and if possible dump every hint of the British roots of Australia, from the replacement of the pound by the "Australian dollar" through campaigns against the Union Flag in the corner of that of Australia, and the monarchy Australia shares with her motherland.

The other unique Australian contribution to global ethnomasochism is a sedulously induced guilt that Australians, stupid and uncultured as they are told by their self-styled betters they are, are in Australia at all. A land they "stole" from the vastly superior civilization and culture of the Aborigines, to whom all other Australians, save it seems for the Arabs, Asians and Africans now very definitely stealing the place in turn, must now constantly and publicly say "sorry".

Mr James devotes an incisive and well-researched chapter to debunking all this. Exploding "noble savage" myths – the Aborigines may themselves have displaced earlier inhabitants, slaughtered and wiped out most of the bigger and more interesting native fauna, wrecked the ecology and spread scrub and desert by deliberately starting wildfires, and slaughtered each other wholesale in incessant tribal wars. They were in short no different from Paleolithic hunter-gatherers the world over (except in Europe, where our ancestors managed somehow to dwell for 20,000 years without making mammoths and the like extinct, until the ice melted and what seems to have been a careful and cleverly maintained sustainable balance with nature collapsed before sudden and drastic climate change). Mr James also superbly skewers the smug and patronising prejudices of liberals, who lump all Aborigines together, denying the diversity of 600 different peoples speaking 200 distinct languages and with a variety of traditions.

But then liberals would destroy the cultural and ethnic diversity of the world, replacing it with a monoglot melting pot of coffee-coloured clones. Liberals – as the reader may demonstrate by experiment – themselves react to dissenting views and those holding them with a display of hysteria, bigotry, mindless and ignorant prejudice that would shame the most stereotypical skinhead...

Mr James also skewers some of the funniest aspects of the Australian Aborigine Industry. Nonsensical claims laid to land often with significant mineral reserves or other value on the basis of frequently made-up and bogus "secret Aboriginal beliefs". And the highly embarrassing fact that many Aboriginal "community leaders" and those taking advantage of the numerous legal and financial privileges now afforded to "Aboriginals and Torrens Straits Islanders" do not exactly look very, or sometimes at all, Aboriginal. Saying so is of course utterly Politically Incorrect and indeed – agh! no! – racist: "don't confuse my appearance with my ethnicity" is apparently the standard response when anyone has the temerity to point out such discrepancies!

Real Aborigines are rarely asked what they actually think. Hardly surprising given this 1981 quote Mr James shares with us from Aboriginal leader Charles Perkins: "Every third face in the street is Asian...I'm upset about the number of Indo-Chinese refugees driving cars and waling about in the streets...We can't solve the Asian over-population problem by inviting them here. The humanitarian aspect of the boat people is all bullshit...Who cares if I'm called racist?"

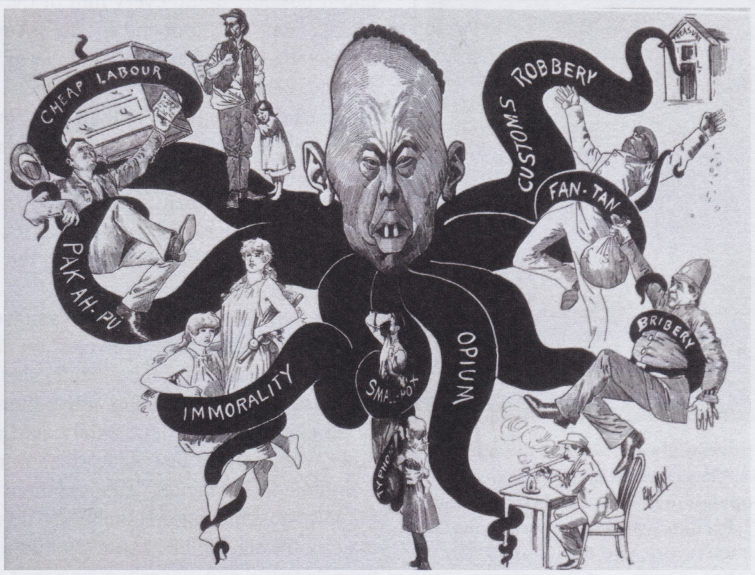
Mr James relates the sorry consequences of all this in terms readers will find all too familiar. Immigrant crime, the organised gang-rape of 13 year old White teen girls by gangs of (in this case Lebanese rather than Pakistani) Muslims, all manner of discrimination in favour of them and against us, the ever accelerating tide of demographic transformation wrought by uncontrolled influx and higher birth rates.

He is perceptive also on the root causes. Like ever more Nationalists these days he has transcended old paranoid and clichéd conspiracy theories upheld

as articles of faith regardless of the evidence, in favour of a sounder and far better factually grounded focus on the system of globalising multinational-corporate Capitalism, with its inherent dynamic toward the free movement of Capital and Labour, as the force behind multiculturalist liberalism and mass Immigration, as well as the offshoring which has destroyed manufacturing in Australia as well as in America and England. It is ironic that many who subjectively consider themselves anti-Capitalist and Marxists have objectively, through championing and spearheading "anti-racism" and "anti-fascism", served Capitalism by removing obstacles to its importation of cheap labour to undercut the indigenous working class. Thus furthering the development of Globalisation, which, not Imperialism as Lenin thought 100 years ago, has emerged as the highest, and hopefully final, stage of Capitalism.

Mr James in his final chapter adds to this an incisive and thoughtful analysis of the role of a social, economic, cultural and political elite who he argues are coalescing into a new ruling class, whilst ordinary Whites are being, as Mr James puts it, "proletarianised" and increasingly relatively impoverished. The previous chapter deals with the possible responses of a White population gradually sinking into serfdom.

"One obvious option", he argues perceptively, "would be to form or support a small political party, but that strategy has inbuilt problems. Any party that can be portrayed as being outside the 'mainstream' can also be represented as being 'extremist', whether it is nominally of the left or the right. That 'extremist' label is in itself enough to frighten off many potential supporters and voters. Furthermore, small parties are almost invariably starved of funds and therefore have to rely disproportionately on volunteers whose skills are often limited. The mainstream media will usually be hostile, so it is very difficult for a small party to propagate its message. Usually its leaders will have little professional experience of politics, and therefore at least in terms of image will find themselves struggling against their professional rivals who can afford slick minders and image-managers. For these and other reasons the resort to a minor party is often an invitation to be led astray by a Pied Piper. Yet in the face of Australia's bipartisan 'closed shop' it is not surprising that many people loyal to the traditional culture have trodden this path."



The "yellow peril" remained a potent political theme, as Chinese gangsters or business interests were seen behind drug smuggling, corruption and illegal immigration.

Mr James highlights in this regard the case of Pauline Hanson's One Nation Party. He makes a good case that Mrs Hanson's inexperience and naivety led to her party being exploited by the Establishment media as a safety valve for White resentment, a bubble sedulously inflated by massive media publicity and then allowed to pop itself in internal fiascos and fissions. Many will see UKIP in Britain in a similar light.

Mr James argues that this need not have been the only possibility. Many in the Labor party held true to that party's original ideals and were ready to fight the betrayal of its core founding principle White Australia. By the mid-1990s they had coalesced around Graeme Campbell, MP for Kalgoorlie, an outback mining town, and a formidable organiser and orator. Inevitably he was in the end purged from his own party. So he formed his own, Australia First. In that context the figure of Pauline Hanson was plucked from her fish-and chip shop and elevated to media stardom. Mrs Hanson, evidently a vain and stupid person, refused to work with Mr Campbell and spurned his offer of alliance. Ultimately she split Mr Campbell's vote and lost him his seat in Parliament. Whereupon Mrs Hanson's own party was left to implode, leaving the White fightback in disarray. Nevertheless as Mr James argues that fightback had seen its potential demonstrated. To the extent that in 2001 Prime Minister John Howard, facing electoral disaster, attempted to curry favour with it by making – of course quite empty – "anti-Immigration" noises. As a result he unexpectedly retained office.

As Mr James concludes "The Australian majority may not have spoken yet, but at least they have demonstrated that they are still powerful – and that a mainstream politician can still appeal to them over the heads of the elites and be heeded. Since Australia is at least a nominal democracy, the cause of the majority is not yet lost." Mr James concludes by focussing on signs of hope. He argues that there is potential for radicalising a counter-elite amongst White students who now find themselves a minority in many university faculties and are becoming increasingly disillusioned with the dominant ideology, an ideology increasingly resorting to force and repression to maintain its grip. In this reviewer's opinion the emergence of someone of the evident calibre of Mr James, of whom he had hitherto never heard, in Australia is also a sign of hope.

Mr James also picks up the point made by the Marxist Herbert Marcuse that a massive external shock can bring about a radical transformation of the values of a country. Such massive shocks Mr James, like a growing number of Nationalists and others around the world, sees as likely to emerge from a further and more fatal massive collapse in the global Capitalist system, which only just survived that of 2008. Possibly combined with environmental and resource crises as more and more, less and less White, people compete ever more desperately for less and less resources, and limited food, on a finite and already desperately overcrowded planet.

We certainly need some such shake up. Mr James concludes what in this reviewer's opinion is one of the best books to emerge from our circles for many years, a book that is required reading for all of us who share the concerns that actuate it, in Australia or otherwise, with the point that if nothing is done Australia like most other once European nations, US, Britain, Western Europe will become majority non-white by the middle of this century. He concludes "in the absence of Marcuse's 'massive external shock', or unless new ideals arise from what is now essentially an oppressed class, thus bringing about a moral reinvigoration of our people, our fate will be that of which the conservation movement so often reminds us: 'Extinction is forever'".

Reviewed by Ian Freeman, Northwich, Cheshire

Editor's Note 1: We have recently been informed that the book is now available via mail-order direct from Alan James, PO Box 4333, University of Melbourne, Victoria, 3052, Australia. Within Australia the sale price would be $33.00 (postage included) in Aussie dollars. An order from NZ would cost AUS $44.00 (which includes $10.00 in bank fees, and $10.55 postage.) An order from Europe or America would cost AUS $51.00, this being made up of $22.80 for the book, $10.00 in bank fees, and $18.20 postage.) Mr James would like to point out that it's much cheaper to buy the book online.

Editor's Note 2: Mr James is the former editor of Endeavour *the newsletter of the British Australian Community (BAC).* H&D *readers wishing to contact the BAC should write to P.O. Box 707, South Yarra, Victoria, 3141, Australia or check out their website at* **www.britishaustraliancommunity.com/wp/**

UPDATE: The latest news from Australia confirms the transformation of that country's traditions. The new conservative government had promised to repeal the Aussie equivalent of Britain's race laws: Article 18C of the Racial Discrimination Act, which allowed prosecution for statements likely to "offend" members of a racial/ethnic group. In August 2014 after heavy pressure from Jewish groups and the race relations industry, the government reneged on this election promise and announced that 18C would remain in force. Within days an 18C complaint was made against the *Sydney Morning Herald* – one of Australia's leading newspapers, over an allegedly 'anti-semitic' column and cartoon.

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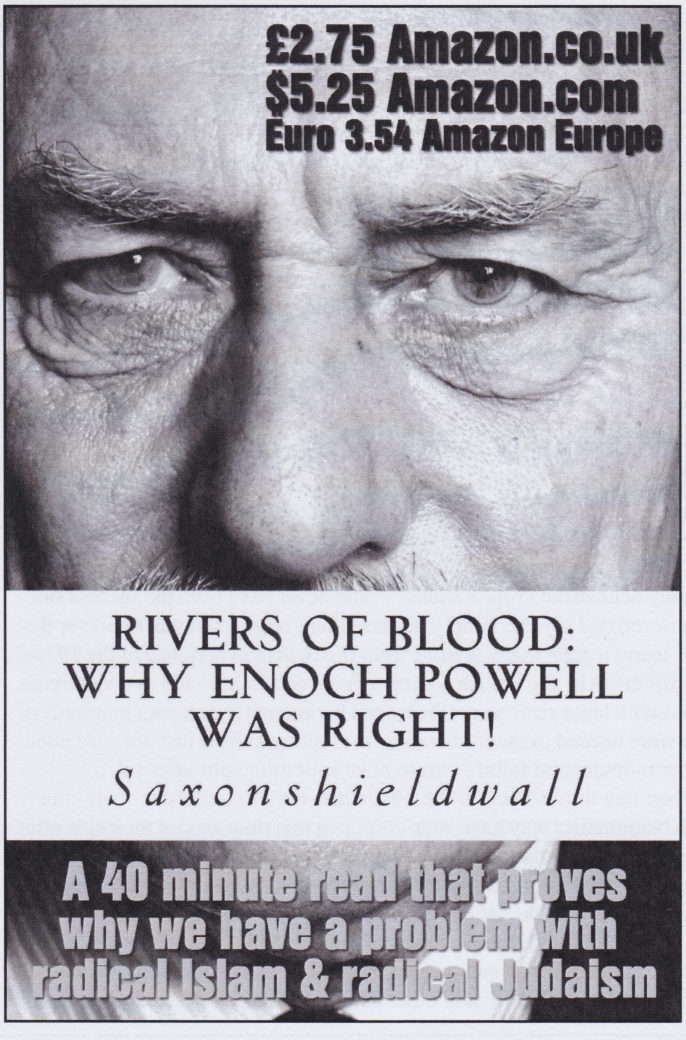

RIVERS OF BLOOD:
WHY ENOCH POWELL WAS RIGHT!

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Letters From Readers

Sir – I would like to respond to Ivan Winters who referred to a letter I wrote about a Referendum about immigration, in which I mentioned that there was a school in England in which English was being taught as a foreign language. The writer misquoted me as saying second language and then went on about English being taught as a second language in North and Mid-Wales. Not being a Welsh language activist or speaker I will nevertheless make a response.

First of all the language of Wales is the **native** language of Wales (also my forefathers and some of my relatives) and therefore indigenous. The language of the third world immigrants is not and neither does it belong in England which is the language of that nation, or the British Isles.

In 1854 George Borrow did a walking tour of Wales and wrote a book about it. In the book Wales was 100% Welsh-speaking with many being unable to speak English, and Welsh women wearing traditional Welsh costume then. What a transformation has taken place since! Mainly by Welsh being banned in the classroom and English being the official language. Earlier parts of Shropshire and Herefordshire were Welsh speaking too. Mr Winters refers to an allegation of bullying in the school play ground – but then it was official policy against the Welsh. He has nothing to say about the bullying of the Palestinians and the Segregation Wall that is twice as high and three times as long as the Berlin Wall in his own country in the Middle East, which they have wrongfully occupied by exploiting the Holohoax. They already have a country called the autonomous state of Birobidzhan on the border of Russia and China created by Stalin.

Internal education policy and its merits or demerits is now an internal Welsh concern under a devolved government. Incidentally, Wales was self governing up till 1282 and again during the revolt of Owain Glyndwr (early 1400s) for a period of about 9 years.

I have just attended a lecture at the London Forum in which a Flemish nationalist talked about their wish to separate from Belgium and support their own language. Mr Winters asks what are the policies of nationalists about (I am not sure it is all compulsory) compulsory Welsh schooling? What about other nationalists such as the Flemish etc,etc? If you are a Nationalist you support the rights of every nation, especially European ones to determine their own affairs and Wales is by the way, one of the oldest Nations in Europe.

In my town a Welsh medium junior school is being built and I do not see mass protest in the local media. Most Welsh people are sympathetic.

All Western European Nations are being faced with the same liberal/ Marxist multi-cultural genocide. Britons now refer to themselves as either Welsh/Scottish or English because ethnic identity is something that cannot be taken from us or granted to aliens by ZOG. No more brothers' wars! We must learn from the mistakes of the last global conflict.

Yours Sincerely,

Milton Ellis, Newtown, Wales

Sir – As most of us know the National Front was founded in 1967 and I believe the NF to be one of the most important racial nationalist parties in European history. I say this because if it were not for the achievements of the British NF that demonstrated the great potential for racial nationalism and also very importantly the great many mistakes made by the British NF I truly believe the Front National would never have been the success story we know today. I say this simply because there is no doubt what-so-ever that the FN learnt a great many lessons from the British experience of the 1970s. One error made by the British National Front was to have too many marches coupled with large scale street disorder. Having marches meant hundreds of police were needed to escort members to meeting halls is just not very good. Another monumental failure was to have split after split after split.

When one thinks back to the 1970s it is easy to understand why many British Nationalists may have been confident that time was on their side after all the coloured population was nowhere near as big as it is today. Places like Birmingham are now pushing 50% non-white, Manchester is something like 40% non-white and our capital city London is just short of 50% non-White. Many other cities and smaller towns are just as bad.

I have studied British nationalism by spending hours looking back though my collection of 1970s NF and other nationalist magazines and newspapers and one upside to all this massive change in demographics is that all of us supporters, voters, members now realise that we don't have much time left. I say this because one thing I read a lot of publications from the 1970s and bitterness and even hatred between leaders of different racial-nationalist factions was rife. One cartoon particularly sticks in my mind printed in a National Front Constitutional Movement newspaper which very viciously attacks the late John Tyndall. I will not even say now what the cartoon indicates. Only that it clearly shows a great deal of hostility towards the then chairman of the National Front. With this realisation by all that the demographics are moving against us quickly and even Joe Public can see the count down to a majority non-white Britain.

To my mind it shows that unity is coming, I have heard it said time and again by activists that at the end of the day we will all need to come together and I feel we are at the first stage of this unity. It's coming and it's coming naturally. There is no plan, it just a realization that's a sign of the times.

To my mind there are just so many factors lining up which are saying our time is coming. The job of winning the hearts and minds of our folk across the nation is just too big for any one group and there are only so many white people of the kind willing to lead others in their area. And there are only so many White, educated and brave people with charisma who wish to play a leading role in a British national revolt.

The coming situation will force all of us to co-operate at both local and national level. Unity will be forced upon us and we can not afford to screw it up. Dealing with the issues of unity I believe is the challenge that each and everyone of us will have to master.

Yours for Race and Nation,

Austin Stonham, Manchester, England

Sir – Having read *Aleister Crowley and the Temptation of Politics* reviewed in *H&D* No. 61, of interest is that Crowley wrote a letter to J.F.C. Fuller on 28th October 1910, which began "Dear..." and then, instead of writing Fuller's name, "he draws a swastika which had begun to be used with political connotations in Germany in connection with the volkisch movement, and as the archetypal symbol of the Aryan or Hyperborean traditional heritage". Crowley served his magical apprenticeship in the Order of the Golden Dawn (no connection to the modern day Greek nationalist party) which referred to the swastika as "Thor's Hammer." Crowley wrote that he met with General Erich Ludendorff (an early supporter of National Socialism who marched with Hitler during the Munich Putsch) in 1925 and 1926 "to discuss Nordic Theology". Crowley was also a friend of the Portuguese poet, mystic and patriot Fernando Pessoa, who wrote in favour of the Portuguese National-Syndicalist, proto-Fascist, New State led by Dr Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. Pessoa expressed his messianic vision of Portugal and his idea of mystical regeneration not only of the individual, but also of the nation and race, in anti-bourgeois and anti-materialist terms. (Portugal has often been regarded as "England's old ally").

Just one correction regarding the book review – Crowley actually wrote concerning the O.T.O. restoring Christianity to its real status as a solar religion in a letter to W.B. Crow. Aleister Crowley's lifelong objective of summoning demonic forces to compel them to serve the Light, was always liable to be misinterpreted. This is why he is either loved or loathed today.

Back in June, I was present at a lecture organised by the London Fortean Society delivered by former Blondie bass player Gary Lachman, author of a book about Aleister Crowley and rock music. Mr Lachman spoke on the

subject of his friend, the late author Colin Wilson, who became an overnight sensation in 1956 for his book *The Outsider*, and later for his other works *The Occult,* Aleister Crowley: *The Nature of the Beast* and *The Atlantis Blueprint*. Less well known is the fact that Wilson supported Sir Oswald Mosley during the 1950s, and he attended Union Movement meetings in North Kensington.

Colin Wilson, Bill Hopkins and Stuart Holroyd formed 'The Spartacans' a radical elitist political group which promoted eugenics, which led to accusations of 'fascism' from the press and the liberal, left-wing literary establishment. The late Jonathan Bowden, whose stirring oratory inspired many in nationalist and New Right circles, was an expert on these 'Angry Young Men'.

Yours sincerely

Robert Smith, Chichester, Sussex, England

Sir – It is rather odd to find your correspondent Ivan Winters inveighing against Welsh medium education. As a British Nationalist, he should surely be aware that "Welsh" is the ancient language of the British people, once spoken from the Sussex Downs to Edinburgh (formerly Din Eidyn) and from Norfolk to Cornwall, until it was displaced by Immigrant languages, English from NW Germany and Jutland and the colonial dialect of Irish the Scots call Gaelic.

Indeed Mr Winters' home county of Yorkshire is the setting for the oldest text in the language now called "Welsh", *Y Gododdin*, in which the bard Aneirin describes the raid of three hundred picked warriors from Din Eidyn upon Catraeth, now Catterick, North Yorkshire, as part of the struggle to drive the Saxon immigrants back into the sea. Also in Yorkshire, the kingdom of Elmet near Leeds long held out for Britain against the immigrant tide which eventually swept away Hen Ogledd, the Old North, British-speaking Yorkshire, Cumbria and Strathclyde. Mr Winters at least must have heard the name of Arthur. Who is surely worthy to stand with Boudicca, Alfred and Hereward as champions of our people against immigrant invasions. Of whom we struggle to be worthy – the post-1948 immigrant wave are the first not to be greeted with native edged steel.

The Old British language misleadingly called "Welsh" – "Welsh" comes from Saxon "wealas" meaning, in effect, "wog" – was spoken by the ancestors of most British nationalists, even the most English (though apparently not Mr Winters' own) and is something in which we should surely all take pride. It is part of our common British heritage.

Welsh-medium schools are an attempt to preserve and keep alive that ancient part of what we are. No one is forced to attend them. Unlike in the 19th Century when children in Wales were forced to attend English medium schools and if they had the temerity there to speak their own language in their own country were beaten and made to stand with a board reading "Welsh Not" round their shoulders. As British Nationalists we should surely welcome those who seek to keep the native speech of our homeland alive.

One day, if we fail, the descendants of the English folk of Yorkshire may similarly end up driven into the western mountains, struggling to keep their native speech alive and known as a people and a speech only by an insult thrown at them by their immigrant conquerors – "Gora" perhaps? Would Mr Winters similarly sneer then at anyone trying to keep English alive in a land swamped by culturally alien invaders?

Mhrydain am y Prydeinig (Britain for the British)!

Siôn ap Ieuan (John Evans), Rhydychen, Lloegr (Oxford, England)

Sir – I've been doing a bit of reading, and came across an example of media bias. Palestinians hijacked a cruise ship in the Med, the *Achille Lauro.* Although they had guns, a Jew named Leon Klinghoffer shouted defiance at them. He was in a wheelchair, and perhaps he thought his crippled state gave him some immunity. He even spat at the terrorists.

In a rage at this insult, the terrorists pushed Klinghoffer's wheelchair to the rails of the ship: two of them picked up the crippled Jew and tossed him into the sea. The media went wild at this act of terrorism and it made front page headlines in the American press.

Parading of Jewish victimhood helps to manufacture political capital for them out of the old sly politics of guilt and pity. They even made an opera about Klinghoffer, which was produced in New York. Look at the difference in the case of the even more brutal murder of Kemal Zughayer, an Arab who went out at night in his wheelchair. He carried a white flag with the aim of signalling to Israeli tanks invading his village.

The white flag was no defence: an Israeli tank ran over the poor man and crushed him to death. Where Klinghoffer got maximum publicity, Zughayer's cruel death was censored. That shows the bias in the media. It would never do to show Israeli tank crews as cruel, murderous men.

Yours sincerely,

Harry Mullin, Glasgow

Sir – Can I urge all *H&D* readers and fellow Patriots to unite to back our beloved country from the corrupt and treasonous parliament which is hell-bent on keeping us under the thumbs of the unelected monstrosity in Brussels, and the international bankers in the USA? Without any of them Britain could be again a confident strong and powerful country again. An immediate withdrawal from the EU/ECHR is the first step, then removing all American bases off British soil as NATO is only in existence now to antagonise Russia, a potential ally of ours.

Yours sincerely

Adam Hiley, Upminster, Essex

Sir – What tells us that we can question properly? Churches, or mosques, or City professionals or university academics all claim questioning skills, but a group such as Skeptics in the Pub (http://worthing.skepticsinthepub.org/) forces the question of what an hour spent in questioning others will gain in each case. As a different example, on BBC's *Question Time*, the core message of Labour's deputy leader Harriet Harman was the repetition of her claim that the Conservatives are "uncaring", while the Green Jonathan Porritt line was "We must all change and care for nature". During the 1980s at Kent University Conservative Association the internally divided KUCA membership merely took a position for "status" identity.

Yours sincerely,

Jamie Begg, Worthing, West Sussex

Sir – I thoroughly enjoyed Adrian Davies' *Franco's International Brigades* (issue 60) and Peter Rushton's *From Suffragette to Fascist* (issue 61) book reviews, both excellent. In fact your book and movie reviews in general are first class, and is one of the reasons *Heritage and Destiny* is my favourite nationalist magazine. One thing though, why do you not review any of the excellent books recently published by David Duke? His *The Secret Behind Communism* is just breathtaking, and I'm sure most *H&D* readers would appreciate seeing it reviewed. Although it will never replace *Spearhead,* if you keep up the high standards *H&D* must surely come a close second.

Yours sincerely

George Myer, Boston, Massachusetts

Editor's reply: We have tried on many occasions to contact David Duke, to obtain review copies of his recent books. However, he has failed to reply to every single letter, email or message of ours, so we gave up in the end. If any reader has a copy of one of David Duke's recent books and would like to review it for H&D *please feel free to do so.*

Movement News Update

Symptomatic of the crazy state of British nationalism was a by-election held in Thurmaston ward, **Charnwood** (just north of Leicester) on July 31st. While no other local by-election during June, July or August had a nationalist candidate, in Thurmaston there were two: Chris Canham of the British Democratic Party and Stephen Denham of the BNP fought each other. Mr Canham was a BNP candidate in 2007 and 2009, but in common with many Leicestershire nationalists lost faith in Nick Griffin and was among the founders of the British Democrats last year.

Thurmaston ward has a large Indian minority representing about one-quarter of the electorate, and the Conservatives chose to field an Asian candidate. UKIP naturally hoped to capitalise on nationalist division and Tory political correctness, and as in every election contest at present they were bound to overshadow the nationalist contenders.

The result was a comfortable Labour gain, with UKIP taking second place. For nationalists however the big news was that the new BDP defeated the established BNP: Mr Canham polled 95 votes (5.2%) and Mr Denham 58 votes (3.2%). This is ominous news for the new BNP chairman Adam Walker, as another Charnwood ward a few miles away – East Goscote – has one of only two remaining BNP councillors nationwide. If the BNP is losing to the new boys here, where can it possibly hope to win?

Readers with long memories might compare this with the **Greenwich** by-election in 1987, which in retrospect can be seen as a turning point when the decline of the NF and the gradual rise of the BNP became apparent. Ian Dell of the BNP took more votes in that 1987 by-election than Joe Pearce, one of the NF's biggest names. Just six years later the BNP won its first council seat and was clearly established as the main nationalist party in the UK.

Twenty-seven years later the BNP's own replacement by a rival nationalist party has been similarly signalled, and if you think this is a case of two bald men fighting over a comb, remember that the combined nationalist vote scrapped over by the BNP and NF in 1987 was only 0.6%! As in the 1980s, nationalism might have much further to fall before any revival can be discerned.

Elsewhere nationalists have failed to contest even wards that might have seemed vaguely promising. For example on August 14th the BNP was not even on the ballot paper in South Normanton East ward, **Bolsover**, which the party had contested at each of the previous elections in 2007 and 2011, most recently polling 16.4%. It seems that across the former Derbyshire coalfield (including Amber Valley where they once had two councillors) the BNP has ceased to exist, and in Normanton UKIP have not yet emerged to fill the gap.

Similarly the party has evaporated in **Newcastle**, though here at least nationalism has regrouped under the banner of the Brit Dems. Even the latter failed to find a candidate for the North Jesmond ward by-election on August 28th, leaving the field clear for UKIP. Perhaps local Brit Dem organisers, who have tended to focus on White working class communities such as Elswick, believed that voters in Jesmond (traditionally Newcastle's most affluent suburb) were too middle-class to be interested in radical nationalism? The ward also has a large student population, and was one of the few in Newcastle to be ignored by the BNP even in the days when they put up a large slate across the city.

The English Democrats continue their efforts to secure some form of civic nationalist political space to the right of UKIP. On July 24th former BNP member Chris Newey was ED candidate for Birchills Leamore ward, **Walsall**. In May this had been the only Walsall ward contested by the BNP (they polled 4.8%) but there was no BNP presence at the by-election. Labour candidate Chris Jones polled 1075 votes, Gazanfer Ali (Tory) 710 votes, with UKIP candidate Paul White receiving 445 votes and English Democrats candidate Chris Newey receiving 20 votes – 0.9% (down from 1.4% last time). The turnout was 22.4%. Of course the EDs are in the unusual situation of depending for the political viability, not on election results, membership subscriptions, legacies or a donor base, but solely on the willingness of party chairman Robin Tilbrook to continue his subsidy. Mr Tilbrook is aware that only UKIP is at present electorally viable in the semi-nationalist/Eurosceptic arena, and if the BDP fails to fulfil its potential there may yet be hope for his party.

UKIP has continued to achieve respectable votes, and gained a council seat in Castle ward, **Worthing**, on August 7th. Party leader Nigel Farage has confirmed that he will contest South Thanet at next year's general election, where his Tory opponent will be former UKIP chairman Craig Mackinlay. This promises to be a nasty campaign, since Mackinlay was part of the anti-Farage faction in UKIP and was a close ally of UKIP's founder Dr Alan Sked. The latter's main political priority is to discredit the party he founded.

Allen Boyce plays *The Last Post* at the NF's Anti-Terrorist Rally in July 1988. Mr Boyce died in June 2013 and left £28,000 to UKIP in his will, but the party grovelled to *Searchlight* and handed the cash to charity

The UKIP leadership's obsessive concern to avoid any taint of "racism" went to absurd lengths in August when it was revealed that Allen Boyce, a veteran nationalist best remembered as the bugler at NF Remembrance Day marches during the 1980s, had left £28,000 to the party after his death aged 82 in June last year. UKIP had cashed the cheque, but *Searchlight* and the *Daily Mail* exposed Mr Boyce's nationalist background after the official register of party donations was published.

UKIP duly bowed to the "anti-fascist" industry and professed themselves "horrified at the provenance of this money": the £28,000 has now been donated to charity.

On July 26th *H&D* editor Mark Cotterill attended the annual Colin Jordan/John Tyndall Memorial meeting in Bradford, organised by the British Movement. The well attended meeting was chaired by Steve Crabtree and speakers included the BM national secretary Steve Frost, BM organiser Tony McDonnell and Neil from Hull, who presented an interesting film documentary on Islam.

On the same day as the BM meeting the Kevin Bryan faction of the NF held a national demonstration against paedophile "grooming" in Oxford. They had hoped for over 50 NF members and supporters to attend, however on the day only 30-35 turned up and most of these were from the north. The once feared anti-fascist group Red Action, whose political arm IWCA once had a substantial presence in East Oxford, failed to put in an appearance. Two weeks later on August 2nd, Bryan's NF faction joined up with what's left of the BNP, the North West Infidels and local football casuals, to protest against the building of a new "mega mosque" in Bolton.

While it is good to see nationalists prepared to turn out for street activities, it is depressing to see both the low numbers and the incessant focus on the shallow EDL-style agenda of obsession with Islam, as questions of religion really have little to do with the nationalist cause.

The combined turnout in Bolton was around 150 – of which around 35 were NF, again much fewer than had been hoped for. It seems a lot of NF members are voting with their feet and staying at home rather than attending demonstrations, partly because of demoralisation at the continuing split in the party. Due to these depressing turnouts, Mr Bryan and his mostly northern-based allies are now coming under increasing pressure to sort out a "deal" to reunite the party with the smaller rival faction led by Ian Edward.

The Bryan faction recently held a directorate meeting at which they discussed the use of a new name for electoral purposes, as they can no longer legally use the NF name on ballot papers – though they will continue to operate as "National Front" in every other respect. This is similar to the situation of a tiny Marxist splinter group – the Communist Party of Great

Britain (Provisional Central Committee) – which had to use the name of the party newspaper *Weekly Worker* for the European elections fifteen years ago, as the legal right to use the words "Communist Party" belonged to a rival faction. This isn't an encouraging precedent, as the *Weekly Worker* slates in 1999 polled only 0.1%.

Outside the spheres of electoral politics and anti-Muslim street demos, some NF members have been active in new areas of political propaganda. Paul Hickman (Birmingham organiser of the BNP, 2010-13 and an NF activist for the past year) now has an online radio show *Voice of Albion* where he interviews a wide range of British, European and American nationalist activists. I appeared on Paul's show on July 23rd, and other recent interviewees include Steve Squire (London organiser of the BNP), Alex Davies of National Action, and leading NF officials Richard Edmonds, Tess Culnane and party chairman Kevin Bryan. *Voice of Albion* programmes can be downloaded online at **www.renegadebroadcasting.com/paul-hickman**.

On August 2nd I attended a nationalist demonstration in Bad Nenndorf, near Hanover in northern Germany, together with Richard Edmonds and Paul Hickman. Video from this event is now available at **www.jailingopinions.com**.

(*left to right*) German nationalist Thomas Wulff, *Voice of Albion* host Paul Hickman, Richard Edmonds and Roy Godenau at the Bad Nenndorf commemoration march, August 2nd 2014.

Bad Nenndorf was a shameful episode in British history, when a torture centre was set up after the end of the war in 1945. The centre in a converted baths was for the purpose of interrogating several hundred German and Russian suspects, including civilians and women. Two of the prisoners were tortured to death, while others suffered appalling injuries including the amputation of toes. British military commanders in Hanover were appalled when they discovered what had been happening at Bad Nenndorf, which was directed by an MI5 officer, Lt. Col. Robin 'Tin-Eye' Stephens, who had previous been in charge of torture centres in Britain where political prisoners including members of Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists were detained.

Stephens and three other Bad Nenndorf staff were court-martialled, but senior MI5 officers stepped in to ensure that the proceedings ended in acquittals, except for the token conviction of the camp doctor Capt. John Stuart Smith, who was dismissed from the Royal Army Medical Corps after being found guilty of professional neglect (though acquitted of manslaughter).

Since Stephens himself only spoke basic German, interrogations were carried out by other members of MI5 staff, many of them emigré German Jews, including one Richard Oliver Langham, who had changed his name from Otto Landauer.

Langham/Landauer was born in Munich in 1921, part of a wealthy Jewish merchant family. His uncle Kurt Landauer was President of Bayern Munich football club, both before national socialism and for a third term from 1947 to 1951, during the period of the Bad Nenndorf court-martials. Fans of Germany's leading club would have been shocked to discover that their President's nephew was on trial for torturing their compatriots. Two of his prisoners, Walter Bergmann and Franz Osterreicher, were starved to death in January 1947.

Much of Langham/Landauer's trial in March 1948 was held *in camera*, after prosecuting counsel told the court: "There are facts that will have to be discussed that are of so secret a nature that they cannot be produced without endangering the security of the state." Part of this extreme secrecy involved the role of an American *agent provocateur* Walter Hirschfeld, operating among SS veterans postwar. One of the torture victims was Dr Horst Mahnke, a former professor at Königsberg University who was being interrogated about his activities as an intelligence officer in the SS. (After the war Mahnke became a well known journalist with the German magazines *Spiegel* and *Kristall*.)

The other detainee whom Langham/Landauer was accused of torturing was Dr Rudolf Oebsger-Roeder, another SS intelligence officer who had worked with Adolf Eichmann on Jewish matters and was considered an expert on the Middle East and the Islamic world – so much so that post-war he became an officer of the West German intelligence service, the BND.

The "plan of action" for Oebsger-Roeder's interrogation, disclosed at the court-martial, stated that he would be threatened that if he failed to confess, his wife and daughter would be killed:
"Oebsger-Roeder will be told that the Secret Service knows everything about the plot and that only a complete confession can save his wife and daughter, who are in our hands."

An important historical question inevitably arises, though it is a question which is banned in many European countries today – merely asking this question can incur a prison sentence in modern Germany, Austria and elsewhere. If this method of "moral pressure" was considered perfectly acceptable when interrogating SS prisoners, can we rely on the "evidence" thus obtained, especially when it is not corroborated by other sources. In particular, can we rely on the "evidence" of former Auschwitz commandant Rudolf Höss? (For a discussion of "How the British Obtained the Confessions of Rudolf Höss", see the article by Prof. Robert Faurisson in *The Journal of Historical Review*, Winter 1986, available online.)

One should also bear in mind that in addition to torture, microphones were placed in cells so that conversations between Mahnke and Oebsger-Roeder could be overheard. This policy of "M Cover" was widespread in British prisoner-of-war camps, especially where senior German officers were concerned. During what they thought were private conversations, did these senior officers corroborate the various atrocity tales now known as the "Holocaust"? For that matter is there any such corroborative evidence from the vast archive of decoded German messages which British codebreakers were able to crack at Bletchley Park (forerunner of today's GCHQ)? Or is it in fact the case that "evidence" for the "Holocaust" comes from torture and threats to the families of German prisoners?

Back in the UK the much hyped Britain First – which by its own account (believed by many naive journalists) had controlled a private army of ex-servicemen dedicated to saving Britain from Militant Islam – has been abandoned by its founder and paymaster Jim Dowson, formerly Nick Griffin's chief fundraiser.

Dowson had clearly become embarrassed by the antics of his main BF organiser Paul Golding, another former Griffinite, who had come to specialise in attempted provocations at mosques. On July 27th Dowson issued a statement dissociating himself from the organisation:
"No matter how many times I told him [Golding] I did not want decent Muslims intimidated, he just continued doing it. I have come to the conclusion that no matter how hard I tried, you cannot escape from the fact that the group is being overrun with racists and extremists. I think he is fooling himself and lots of people that Britain First is a Christian group. Sadly, it has just become a violent front for people abusing the Bible."

BF is now down to barely fifty members. Golding and a dozen colleagues travelled to Hexthorpe near Doncaster in south Yorkshire on August 16. Hexthorpe like many other Yorkshire towns has been completely inundated by Roma immigrants from Eastern Europe, as well as the long established Pakistani Muslim community. The recent influx was so severe that local English youths threatened to riot if action wasn't taken to control the anti-social behaviour of the young Roma immigrants. Not wanting to miss out on this potential riot, Golding and his small BF team began a leafleting drive in the area.

After only ten minutes of leafleting, Golding and his team were chased off by a combined force of Roma Gypsies and Pakistani Muslims – who normally hate each other! The police quickly arrived and spirited Golding out of the area. Where the massed ranks of the BF's ex services group had got to, nobody really knows!

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

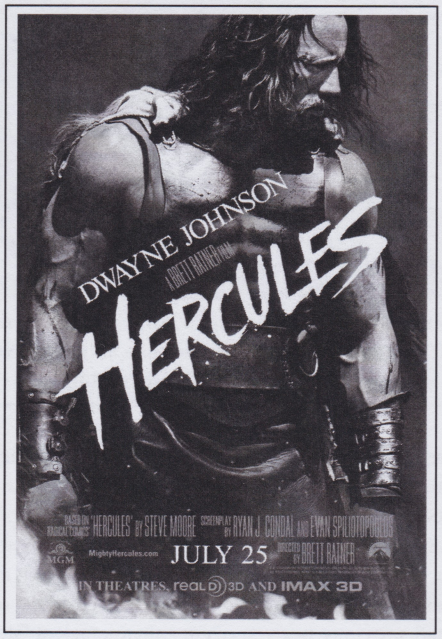
Movie Review: *Hercules*

Released UK – July 2014; Jointly distributed by Paramount Pictures & Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures; Director Brett Ratner; Running time 98 minutes; Rated 12A; Available now on DVD at www.amazon.co.uk or www.ebay.co.uk

Strangely there were two Hollywood made studio movies about Hercules released this year. *Hercules* – which I'm reviewing here for *H&D*, the other being Summit Entertainment's *The Legend of Hercules.* I can only guess it's like a Preston Bus – when you can wait ages for one, but nothing arrives – then two arrive at once!

Only joking! Preston Bus got me to my local Odeon cinema in plenty of time for the movie, and after picking up my 3D glasses (for a extra quid!) I took my seat.

But before the review a bit of background information for those not as knowledgeable in the Classics as the *H&D* staff are! In classical mythology, Hercules was the Roman name for the Greek divine hero Herakles, who was the son of Zeus (Roman equivalent Jupiter) and the mortal Alcmene. He was most famous for his strength and for his numerous far-ranging adventures.



The Romans adapted the Greek hero's iconography and myths for their literature and art under the name Hercules. In later Western art and literature and in popular culture, Hercules is more commonly used than Herakles as the name of the hero. Hercules was a multifaceted figure with contradictory characteristics, which enabled later artists writers, and now movie producers to pick and choose how to represent him. Thankfully up until now Hercules has remained White (sadly this was not the case with his nephew Iolaus, who was played by Reece Ritchie, a South African coloured.)

OK to the movie. Firstly we see Hercules (Dwayne Johnson) completeing some of the legendary Twelve Labours, but only to be betrayed by Hera, who drove him insane and caused him to murder (or so he thought at the time) his wife Megara (Irina Shayk) and their children during a visit to King Eurystheus (Joseph Fiennes). Hercules later rejected Zeus and chose to live as mortal, but was still tormented by visions of Cerberus (a large three headed dog!)

Hercules is the leader of a band of mercenaries comprising the spear-wielding prophet Amphiaraus (Ian McShane), the knife-throwing thief Autolycus (Rufus Sewell), the feral warrior Tydeus (Aksel Hennie), the Amazon archer Atalanta (Ingrid Bolsø Berdal) and as mentioned above his nephew storyteller Iolaus (Reece Ritchie).

Hercules (*centre*) with Atalanta (*left*) and Iolaus (*right*) lead their mercenary army into battle against the local barbarians

Hercules and his mercenaries are approached by Ergenia (Rebecca Ferguson), on behalf of her father, Lord Cotys (John Hurt), who wants him to train the armies of Thrace to defend their kingdom from bloodthirsty warlord Rheseus (Tobias Santelmann). Hercules accepts after he and his men are offered his weight in gold, and they are welcomed to Thrace by King Cotys and General Sitacles (Peter Mullan), leader of the Thracian army.

After training the army, Hercules and his mercenaries lead them into battle against local barbarians as a test of their strength. The barbarians are of course defeated. Next, Hercules and Sitacles confront Rheseus and his soldiers, believed to be Centaurs, but soon proven to be just men on horseback.

Rheseus is defeated and taken back to Thrace as a prisoner, where he is tortured and humiliated. Noticing that Ergenia has taken pity on him, Hercules confronts her and finds out Rheseus was merely retaliating against Lord Cotys' aggressive attempts to expand his kingdom, and, although Ergenia doesn't agree with his methods, she abides with them for the sake of her son, Arius, Lord Cotys' successor to the throne.

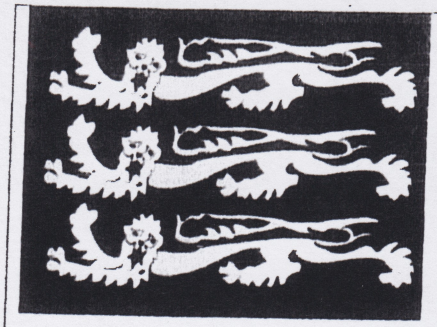
After receiving their reward, the mercenaries are ready to leave, but Hercules decides to stay behind to stop Cotys, and all but Autolycus choose to stay with him. However, they are overpowered and captured by Sitacles and his men. While chained, Hercules is confronted by King Eurystheus, who is in league with Lord Cotys, and reveals that he drugged Hercules the night his family died, viewing him as a threat to his power.

Hercules' family were in fact killed by three vicious wolves sent by Eurystheus, resulting in Hercules' constant hallucinations of Cerberus. When Lord Cotys orders Ergenia to be executed for her betrayal, Hercules is encouraged by Amphiaraus to embrace his destiny and breaks free of his chains, saving Ergenia and slaying the wolves with his bare hands. He then releases the prisoners, including Rheseus, and confronts King Eurystheus, impaling him with his own dagger (the 3D version is not for the faint-hearted!).

Outside, Hercules and his forces battle Lord Cotys and his army. Arius is taken hostage, but then rescued by Autolycus, who has decided to return to help his friends. In the ensuing battle, Tydeus is mortally wounded while protecting Arius, but fights on slaughtering numerous Thracian soldiers. Hercules then pushes a statue of Hera from its foundations and uses it to crush Lord Cotys and many of his soldiers. The surviving soldiers bow to Hercules, and Arius takes the throne, with Ergenia at his side, while Hercules and his men depart in search of other adventures (maybe to be shown in *Hercules II* ?)

So there you have it, you don't really need to go and see the movie now! However, if you do, it is well worth it, especially as it's in 3D. The DVD version, out later this year, just won't do it justice.

Reviewed by Mark Cotterill, Preston, Lancashire



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If our people and heritage are to survive both in America and Europe and indeed in the whole Western world, European man must adopt an insurgent, rather than a conservative strategy. Of course, we want to conserve both our people physically, and our identity, that is, our culture, our way of life, and the customs and values that distinguish us as a folk. But we must understand that the dominant cultural and political elite in the Western world today not only does nothing positive to conserve these things, but all too often, its members actually support policies that, over time, will clearly and obviously lead to both our cultural and our physical destruction. So we must dethrone most of these people and replace them with individuals who are dedicated to our survival.

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